



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH

Tommy
TOMORROW

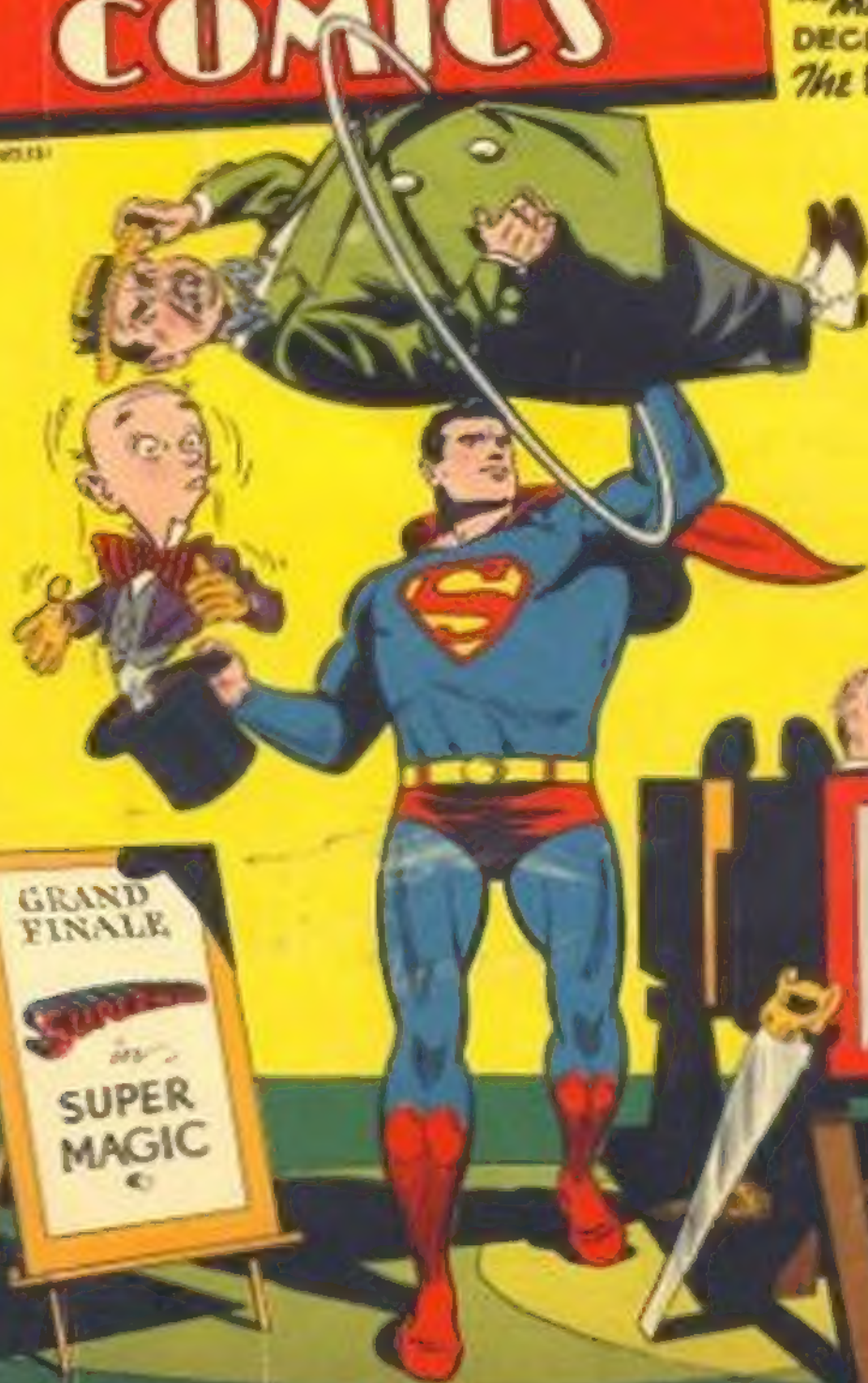


10c

52 BIG
PAGES

ACTION COMICS

SUPERMAN
TACKLES TRIPLE
TROUBLE WHEN
LUTHOR,
THE PRANKSTER
AND MR. MXYZTPLK
DECLARE WAR ON
The MAN OF STEEL!



GRAND
FINALE



SUPER
MAGIC





SUPERMAN

ONCE AGAIN, **SUPERMAN'S** SUPER-HEADACHE, THE IMPISH AND UNPREDICTABLE MR. MXYZTPLK, IS BACK FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION TO MAKE LIFE MISERABLE FOR THE **MAN OF STEEL!** BUT THIS TIME, THE PESKY PIXIE ALLIES HIMSELF WITH THE EVIL SCIENTIST LUTHOR AND THAT PRINCE OF PRACTICAL JOKERS, THE PRANKSTER, SO THAT THESE THREE ANTAGONISTS OF **SUPERMAN** CAN END HIS CAREER BY MAKING HIM SUPER-RIDICULOUS! ACROSS METROPOLIS, A STARTLING STRUGGLE IS WAGED, THAT REACHES ITS CLIMAX IN THE SENSATIONAL SURPRISES THAT FEATURE...

"SUPERMAN'S SUPER-MAGIC SHOW!"





IN METROPOLIS ARE THREE MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT! THAT COMEDY CRIMINAL, THE PRANKSTER...

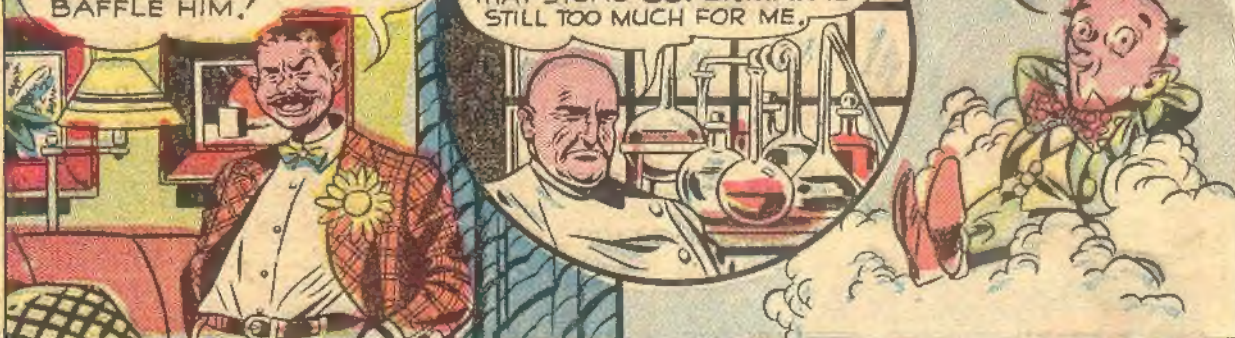
...AND THIRDLY, THAT POP-EYED LITTLE PEST FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION, MR. MXYZTPLK!

WHAT GAG CAN I USE TO GET EVEN WITH **SUPERMAN**? THERE MUST BE **SOME** PRACTICAL JOKE THAT COULD BAFFLE HIM!

...THAT RENEGADE MASTER OF SCIENCE, LUTHOR...

ALL THE RESOURCES OF MY SCIENTIFIC GENIUS AND YET THAT STUPID **SUPERMAN** IS STILL TOO MUCH FOR ME.

NOW TO START MY CAMPAIGN TO THWART **SUPERMAN**!



PRESENTLY, IN LUTHOR'S LABORATORY...

HOW DID I GET HERE SO SUDDENLY?

MR. MXYZTPLK-- THIS MUST BE YOUR DOING!

YES, I JUST POPPED BACK FROM MY HOME IN THE FIFTH DIMENSION WHERE **SUPERMAN** HAD ME EXILED!

HOW COULD **SUPERMAN** FORCE ONE WITH YOUR POWERS TO DO ANYTHING?

HE CAN'T FORCE ME-- BUT IF I'M TRICKED INTO SAYING MY NAME BACKWARD, IT HURLS ME BACK INTO THE FIFTH DIMENSION FOR 60 DAYS! HE DID IT AGAIN 60 DAYS AGO, BUT NOW I'M BACK FOR REVENGE!



I'VE BROUGHT US THREE TOGETHER BECAUSE WE ALL HATE **SUPERMAN**! WHAT SAY YOU--SHALL WE JOIN FORCES TO MAKE HIM A LAUGHING STOCK FOREVER?

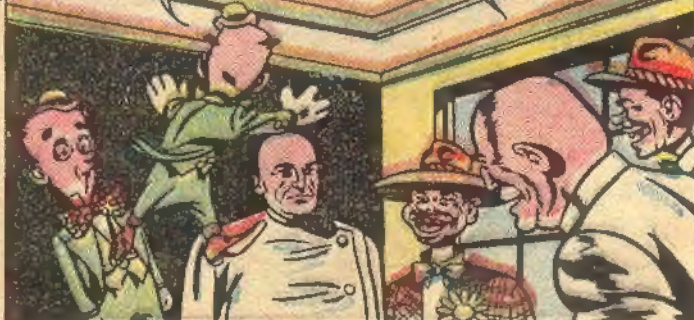
I'D DO ANYTHING TO END HIS CAREER BY HUMILIATING HIM!

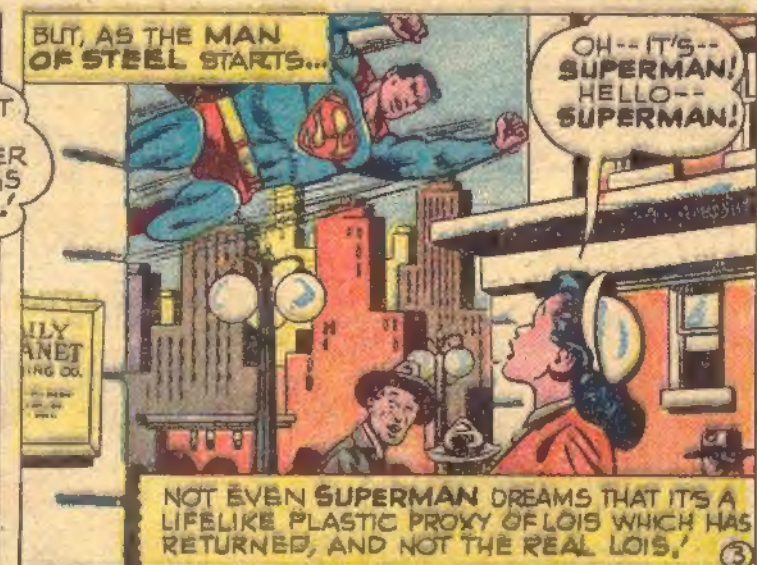
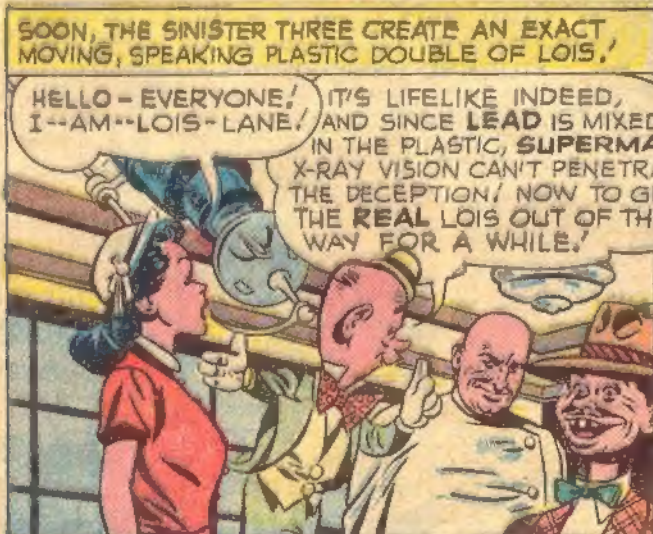
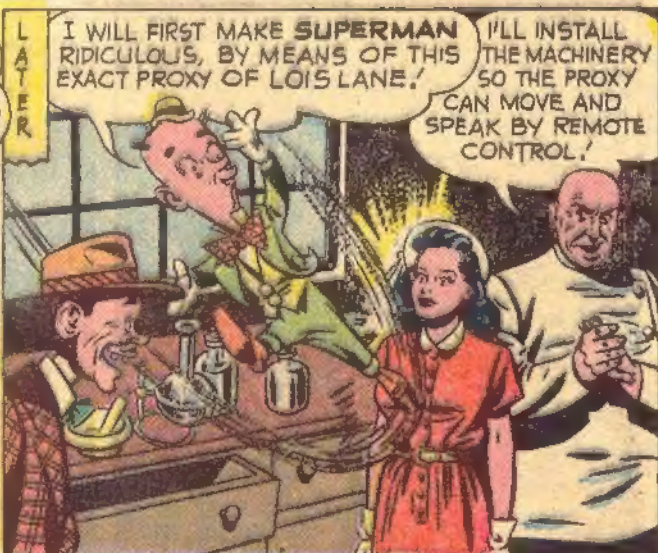
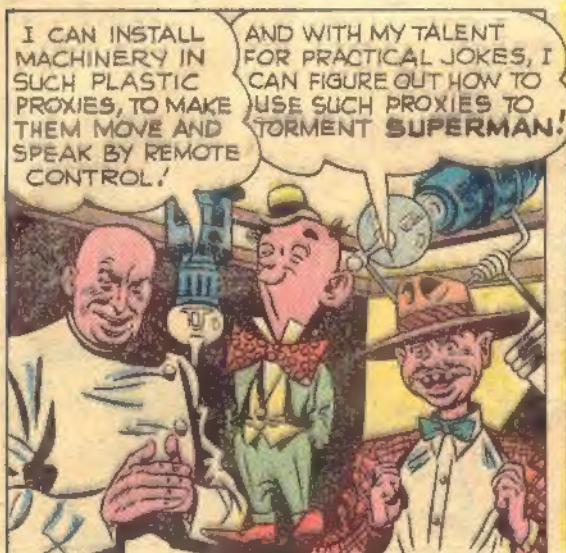
COUNT ME IN, TOO! HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS, MISTER MXYZTPLK?

MR. MXYZTPLK **HAS** AN IDEA--AND ILLUSTRATES IT BY MATERIALIZING IT IN FRONT OF THEM!

PERHAPS THESE LIFELIKE PLASTIC PROXIES SUGGEST SOME PLAN TO YOU, MY ALLIES! I CAN CREATE SUCH EXACT DOUBLES OF ANYONE!

WITH MY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, I CAN IMPROVE YOUR IDEA!





NOT EVEN SUPERMAN DREAMS THAT IT'S A LIFELIKE PLASTIC PROXY OF LOIS WHICH HAS RETURNED, AND NOT THE REAL LOIS.





AND-LOOK-
I'LL-DIVE-INTO-
A-FOOT-OF-
WATER-TO-
PROVE-MYSELF-
WORTHY--

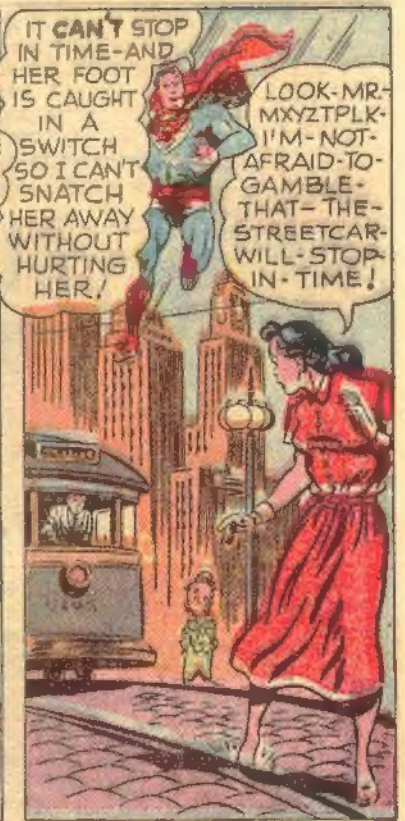
GOT TO
CATCH HER
BEFORE SHE
KILLS
HERSELF!



PUT-ME-DOWN! HOW-
CAN-I-PROVE-I'M-WORTHY-
OF-MR.-MXYZTPLK- IF-
YOU-INTERFERE?

LOIS, THAT PIXIE
MUST HAVE
HYPNOTIZED
YOU!

YOU'RE
JUST JEALOUS!
("--NOW TO
USE THE
LOIS PROXY
FOR ANOTHER
GAG,--")



IT CAN'T STOP
IN TIME-AND
HER FOOT
IS CAUGHT
IN A
SWITCH
SO I CAN'T
SNATCH
HER AWAY
WITHOUT
HURTING
HER!

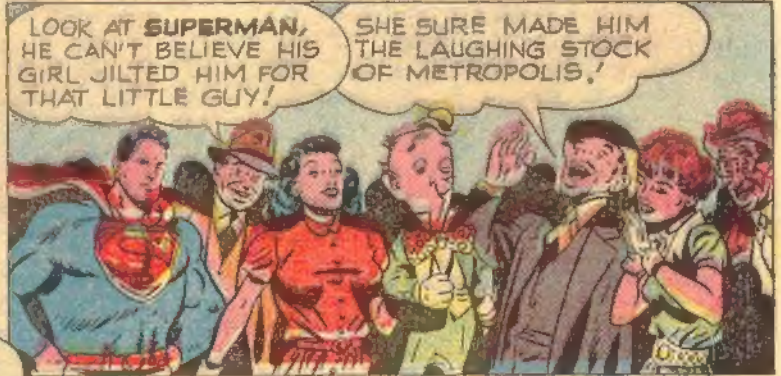
LOOK-MR-
MXYZTPLK-
I'M-NOT-
AFRAID-TO-
GAMBLE-
THAT-THE-
STREETCAR-
WILL-STOP-
IN-TIME!

THE DESPERATE MAN OF STEEL,
NOT REALIZING HE IS SAVING A
LIFELIKE PLASTIC PROXY, ACTS
WITH SUPER-STRENGTH AND
SPEED!



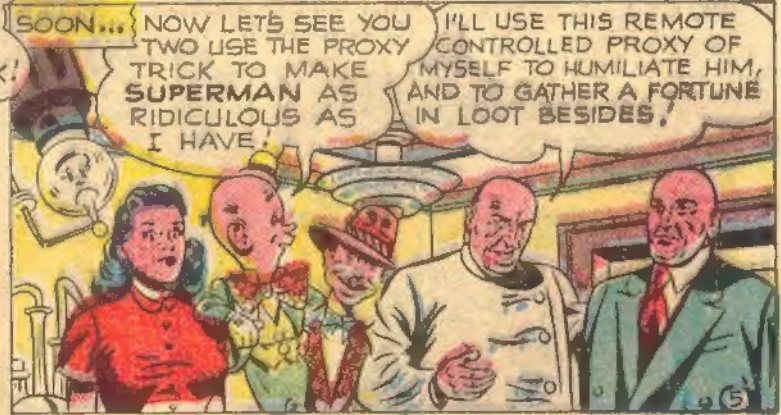
NEVER MIND,
YOU'VE PROVED
YOURSELF
WORTHY
OF THE GREAT
MR. MXYZTPLK!

HE-HAD-TO-
GO-AND-
INTERFERE-
AGAIN!



LOOK AT **SUPERMAN**,
HE CAN'T BELIEVE HIS
GIRL JILTED HIM FOR
THAT LITTLE GUY!

SHE SURE MADE HIM
THE LAUGHING STOCK
OF METROPOLIS!



SOON... NOW LET'S SEE YOU
TWO USE THE PROXY
TRICK TO MAKE
SUPERMAN AS
RIDICULOUS AS
I HAVE!

I'LL USE THIS REMOTE
CONTROLLED PROXY OF
MYSELF TO HUMILIATE HIM,
AND TO GATHER A FORTUNE
IN LOOT BESIDES!



A LITTLE LATER, WHEN THE **REAL** LOIS LANE RETURNS TOWARD HER OFFICE...

SO YOU GOT TIRED OF MR. MXYZTPLK, YOUR DREAM-MAN?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, **SUPERMAN!** I'M ANGRY BECAUSE I WAS DECEYED OUT OF TOWN ON A FAKE NEWS-TIP!



THEN IT WASN'T REALLY LOIS WHO DID THOSE THINGS? BUT IT LOOKED JUST LIKE HER! WHAT KIND OF IMPISH TRICK IS MR. MXYZTPLK USING THIS TIME?

LOIS, **SUPERMAN!** A FLASH BULLETIN JUST CAME INTO THE PLANET! THERE'S A MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY GOING ON AT THE FOURTH FEDERAL BANK!



IT IS INDEED A FANTASTIC ROBBERY THAT HAS JUST OCCURRED AT THE GREAT BANK!

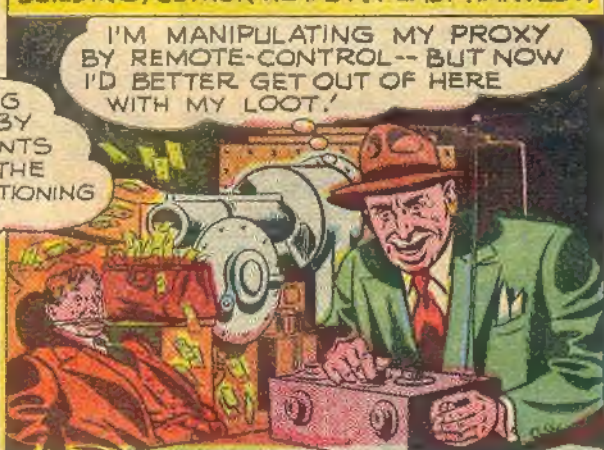
LOOK, ALL THE PAPER MONEY IS FLYING UP TOWARD THE CEILING!

IT'S BEING SUCKED BY AIR CURRENTS UP INTO THE AIR-CONDITIONING PIPES!



IN THE AIR-CONDITIONING ROOM ATOP THE BUILDING, LUTHOR REAPS AN EASY HARVEST!

I'M MANIPULATING MY PROXY BY REMOTE-CONTROL-- BUT NOW I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE WITH MY LOOT!



MOMENTS LATER...

THE SCIENTIST, LUTHOR-- HE **REVERSED** AND SPEEDED UP THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM SO IT SUCKED THE PAPER MONEY ALL UP HERE TO HIM!

AT LEAST, LUTHOR CAN'T PULL THE CRAZY TRICKS ON ME THAT MR. MXYZTPLK DOES! I'LL SEARCH METROPOLIS WITH SUPER-SPEED TO FIND HIM!

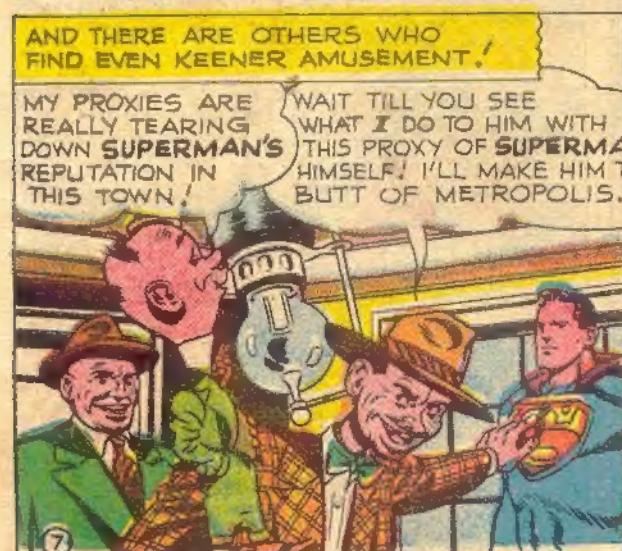
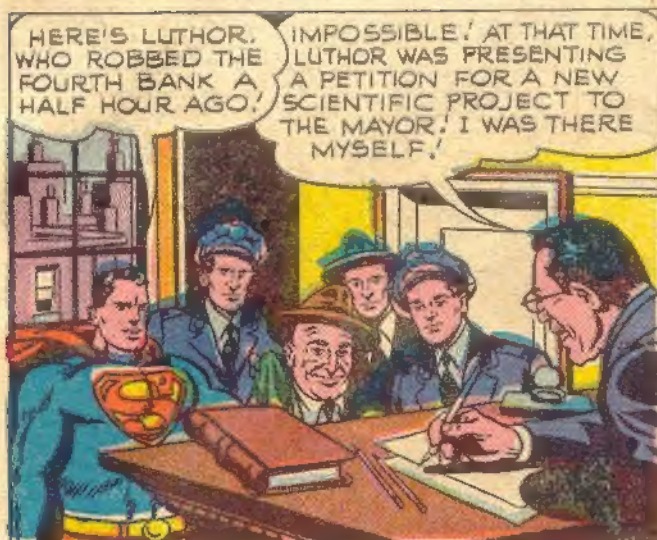


THE **MAN OF STEEL** DOES NOT HAVE TO SEARCH FAR!

I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR THAT BANK ROBBERY, LUTHOR!

BANK ROBBERY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! YOU'RE MAKING A FOOLISH MISTAKE!







RACING TO THAT OFFICE ROOM IN THE NEARBY BUILDING, SUPERMAN FINDS...

THE PRANKSTER AS WELL AS MR. MXYZTPLK AND LUTHOR! THAT'S TOO MUCH!

SUPERMAN, YOUR ENTERING AUTOMATICALLY TURNED ON ELECTRIC EYES AROUND THIS ROOM! IF YOU TRY TO LEAVE, THEY'LL DETONATE A BOMB IN THE BUILDING!

THE PRANKSTER

THE ELECTRIC-EYE BEAMS ARE THERE, AND I DARE NOT LEAVE! I CAN USE MY X-RAY VISION TO OVERLOAD THE BEAMS UNTIL THE PROJECTOR BLOWS OUT, BUT IT'LL TAKE TIME TO BUILD AN OVERLOAD.

AND WHILE THE REAL SUPERMAN IS MOMENTARILY STYMIED, THE PRANKSTER AND HIS REMOTE-CONTROLLED PROXY OF SUPERMAN STAGE A COMEDY FOR ALL METROPOLIS TO SEE!

PRANKSTER-I'LL TAKE-THAT-MONEYBAG-YOU-JUST LOOTED!

ALL RIGHT, SUPERMAN-

HERE IT IS! I'LL GO ON WITH THE REAL LOOT!

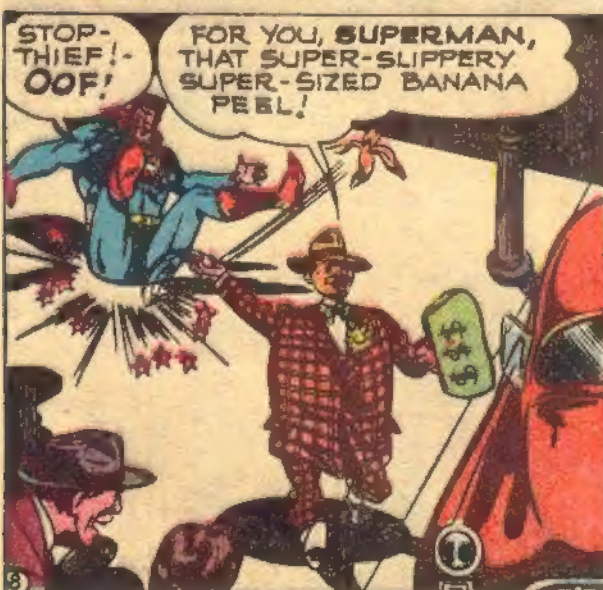
IT WAS A PAPER BAG FULL OF INK! THE PRANKSTER'S MAKING A FOOL OF SUPERMAN.

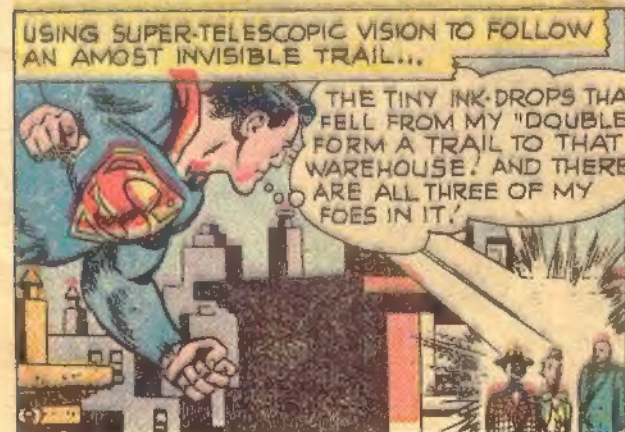
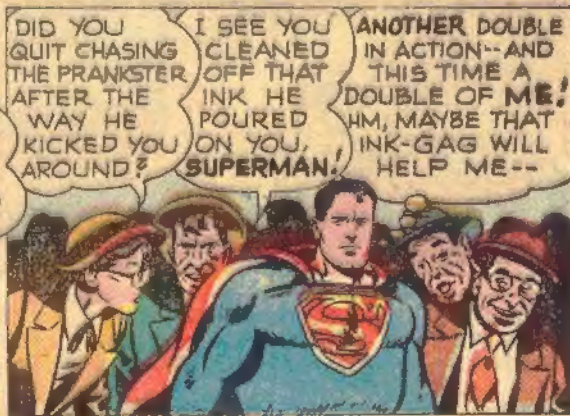
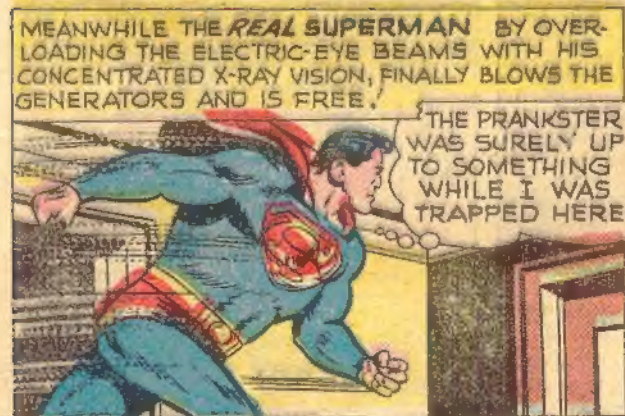
STOP-THIEF!-OOF!

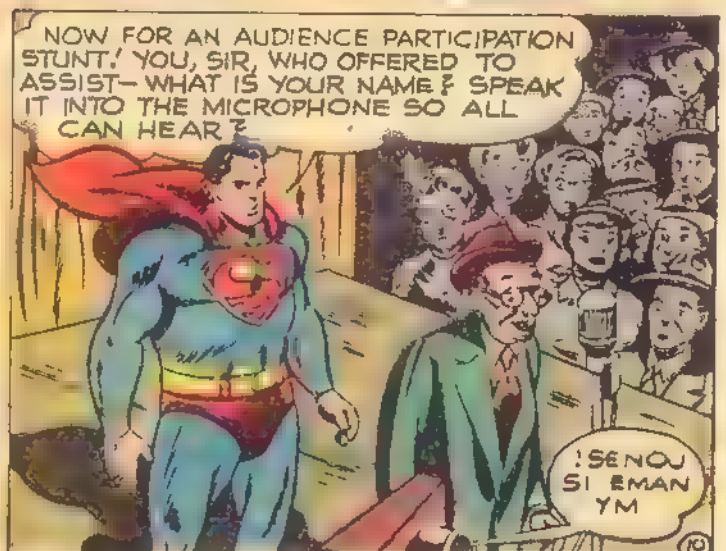
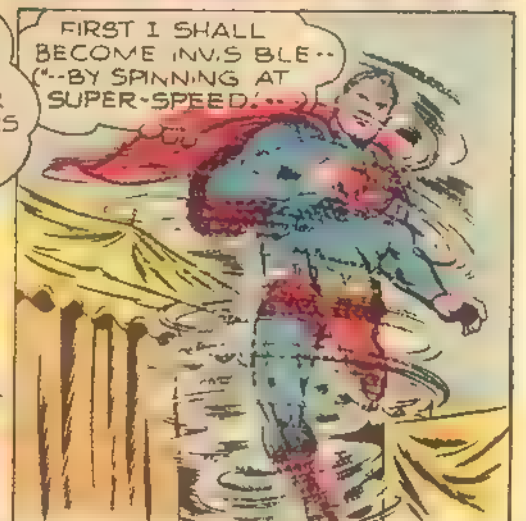
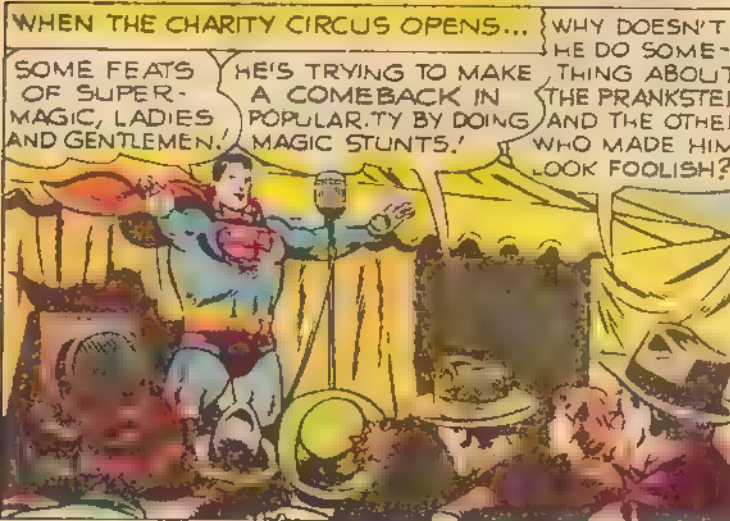
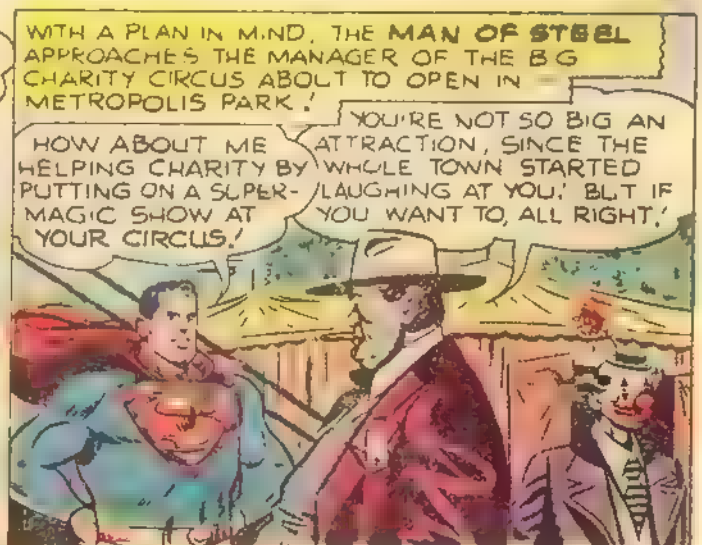
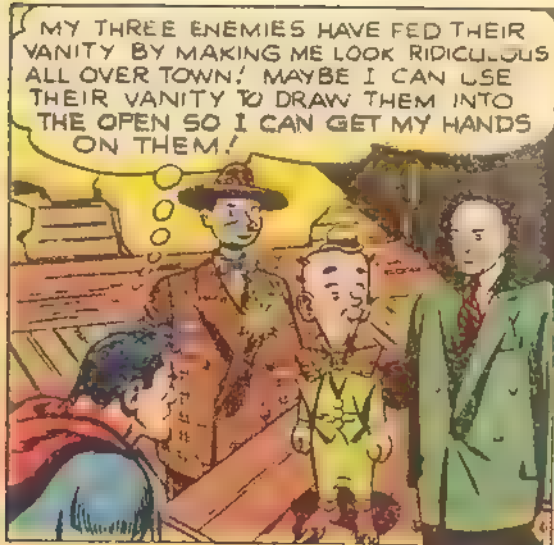
FOR YOU, SUPERMAN, THAT SUPER-SLIPPERY SUPER-SIZED BANANA PEEL!

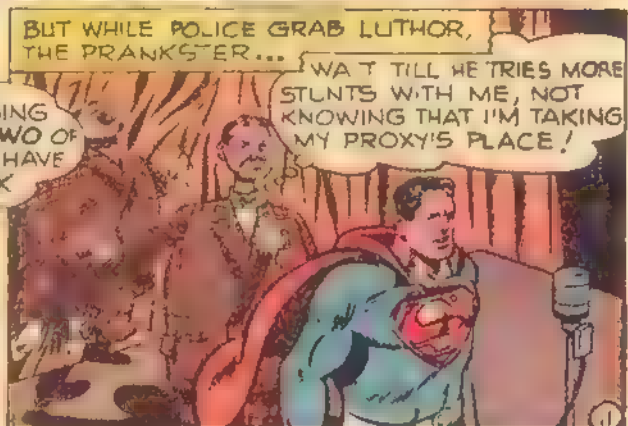
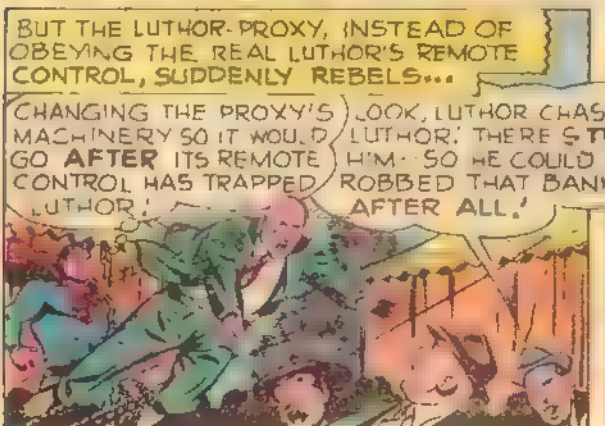
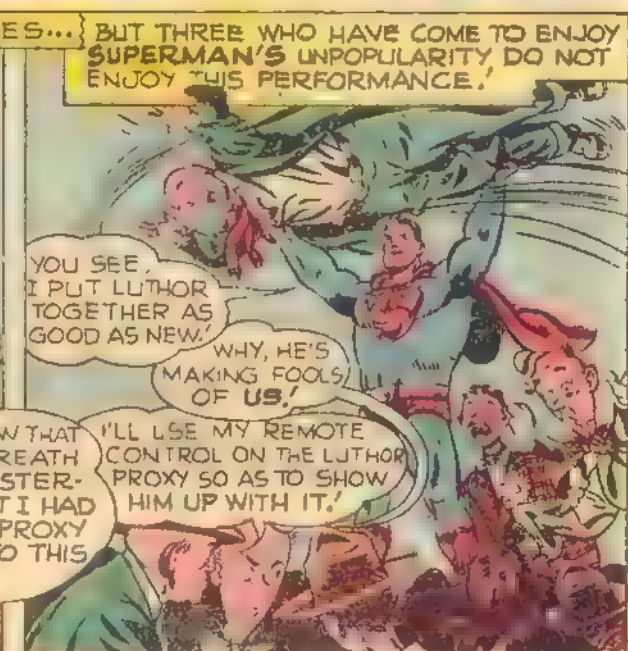
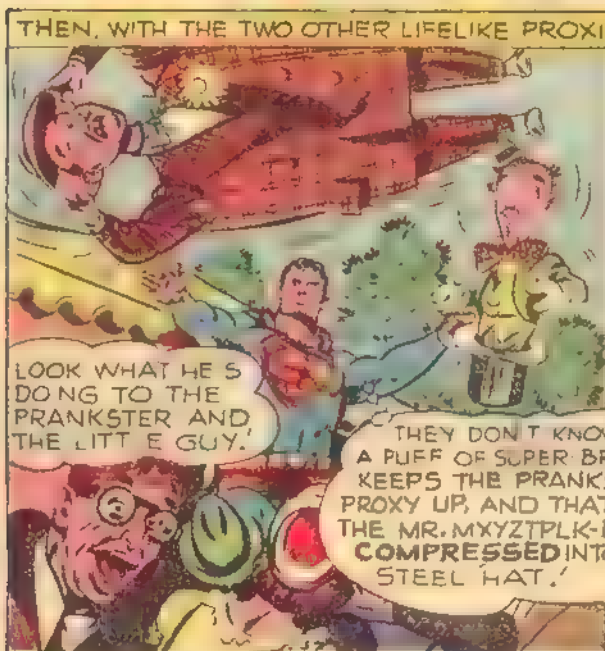
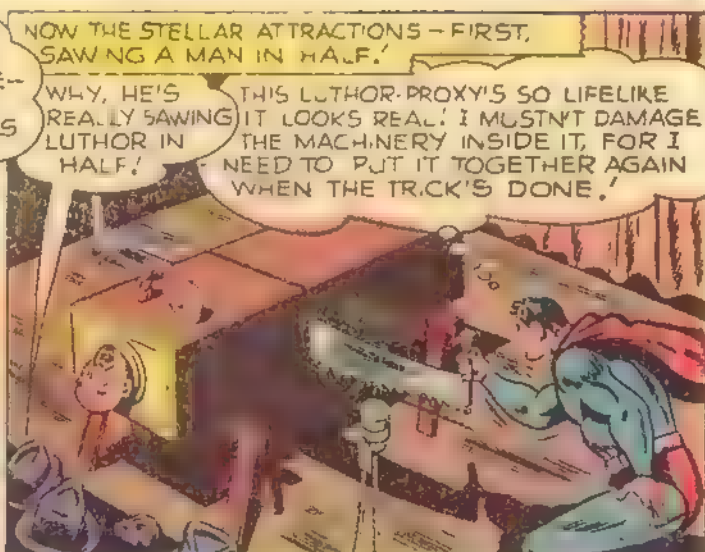
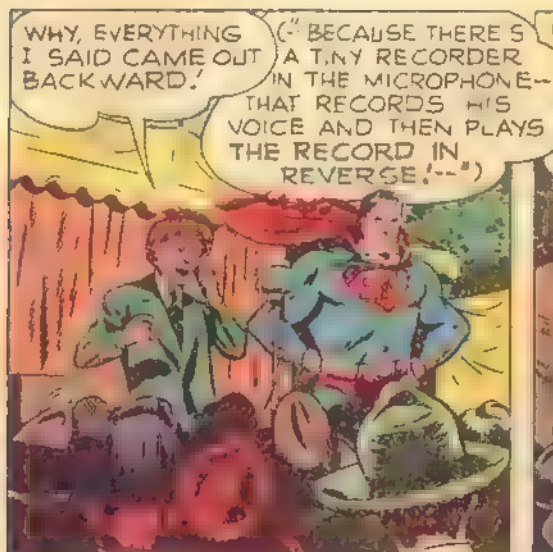
YOU-CAN'T-GET-AWAY! I-CAN-HOLD-YOUR-CAR-HERE-BY-SUPER-STRENGTH!

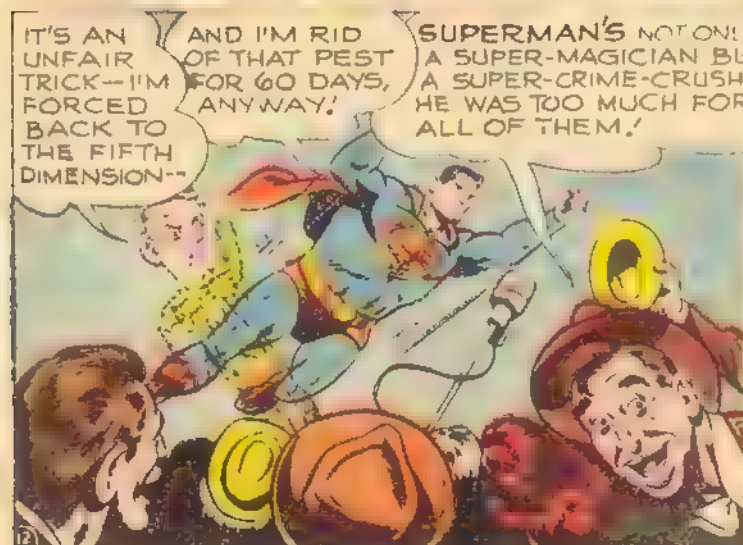
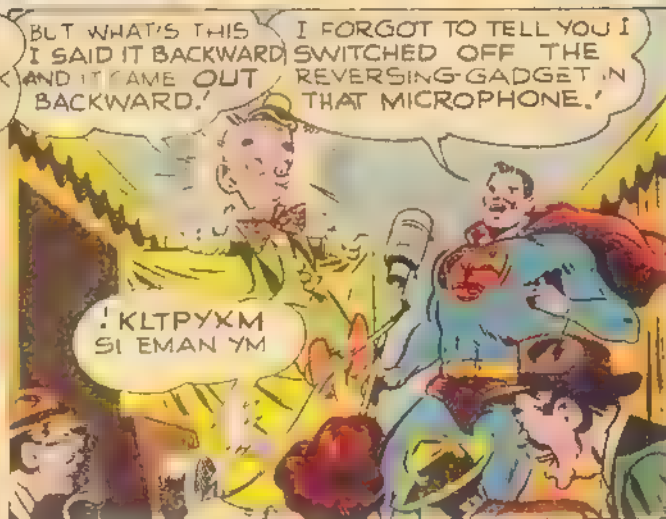
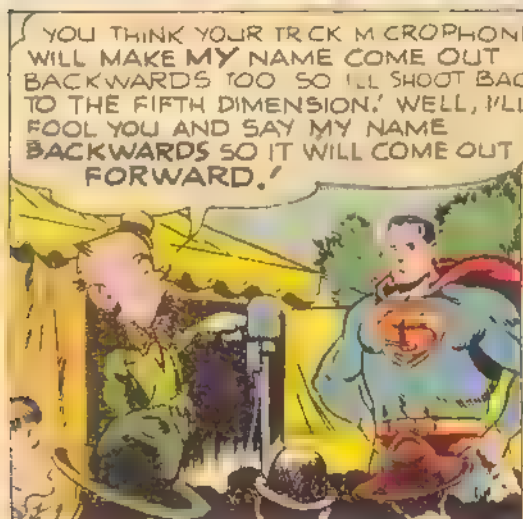
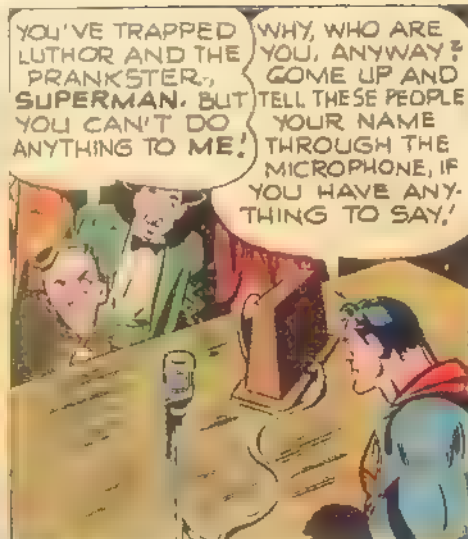
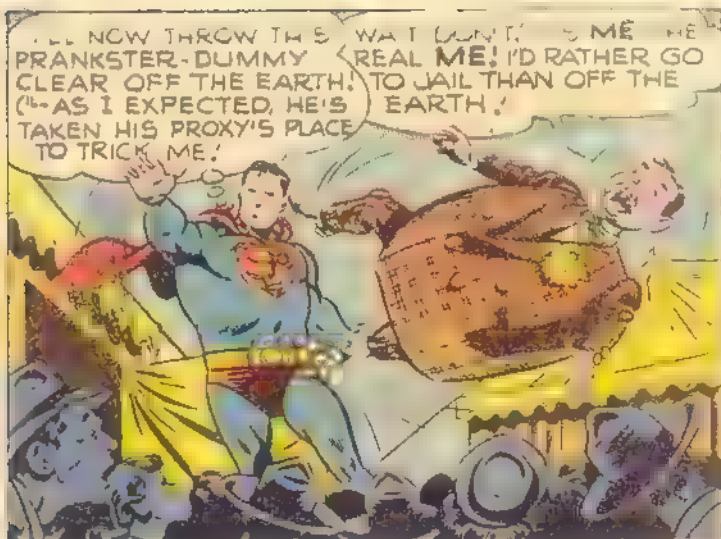
SO YOU WANT THAT BUMPER? WELL-







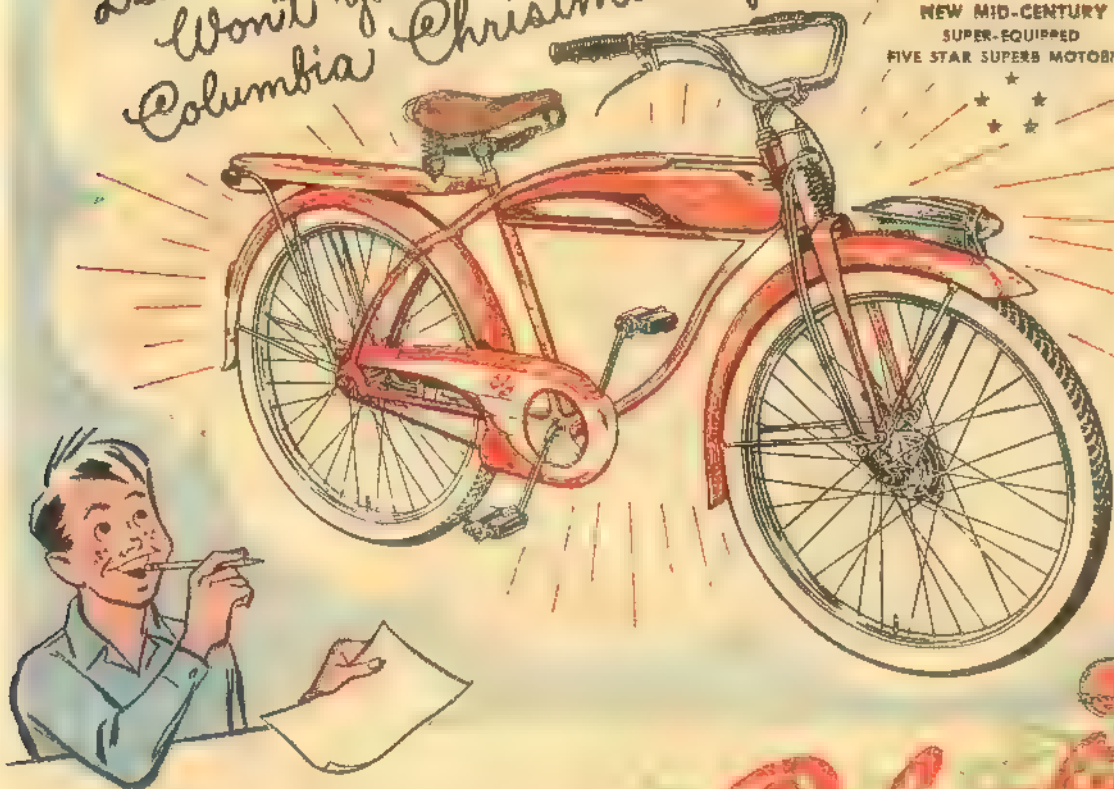




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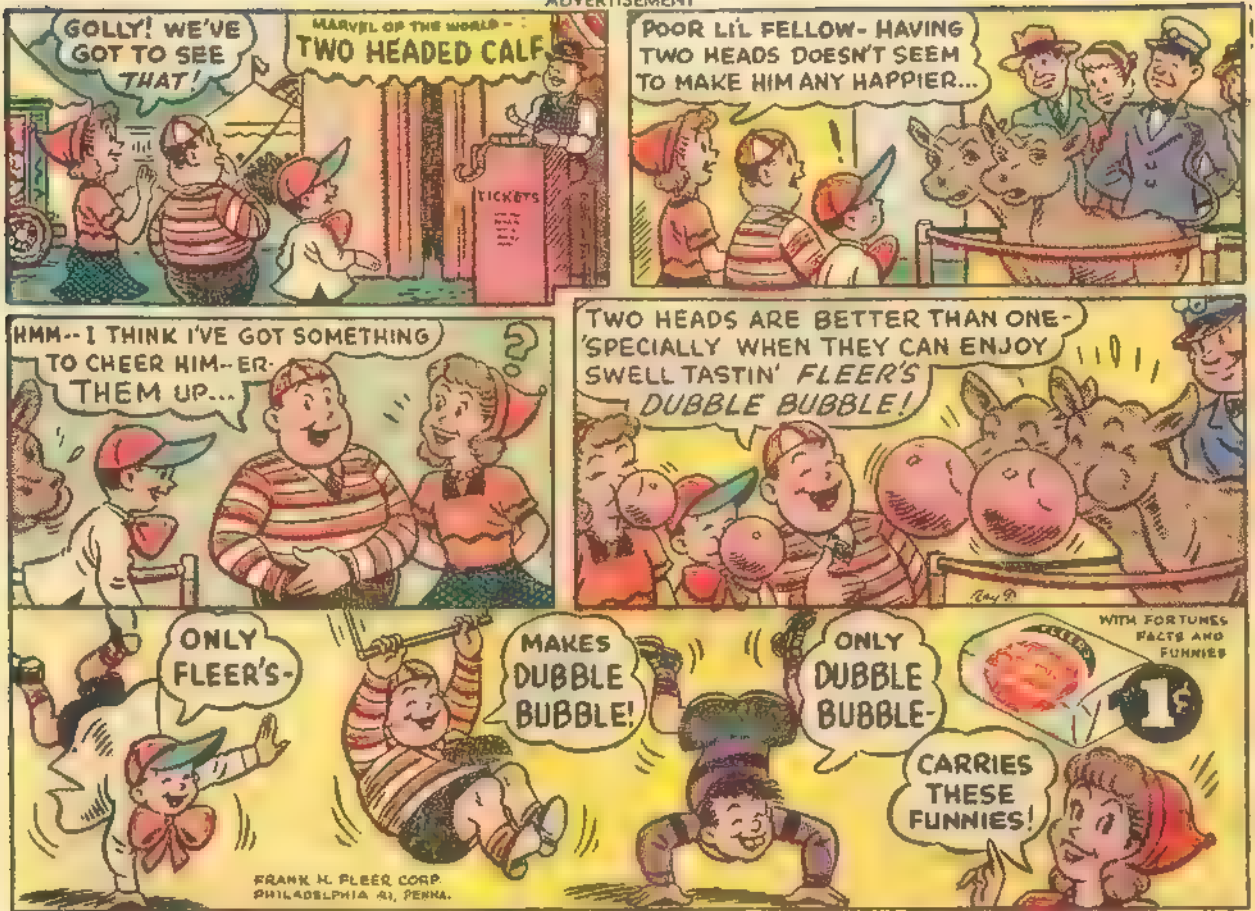
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Tommy TOMORROW

GREATEST MARVEL OF THE WORLDS OF TOMORROW IS THE HUGE MIRROR THAT FLOATS IN SPACE AND REFLECTS THE LIGHT AND HEAT OF THE SUN IN A GIANT BEAM, TO AID PLANETS THAT NEED IT! BUT THAT MIGHTY ENGINEERING MARVEL CAN ALSO BECOME A *SINISTER MENACE* TO THE SYSTEM IN THE HANDS OF *CRIMINALS*, AND COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, OF THE PLANETEER POLICE FORCE, FINDS BOTH PLANETARY PERIL AND PERSONAL DANGER REFLECTED IN...

"THE GREAT SPACE MIRROR!"



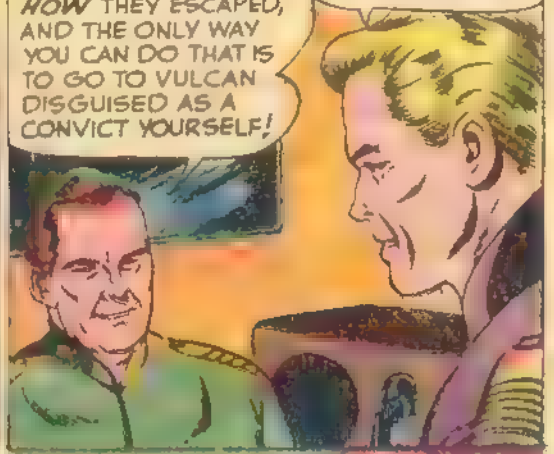
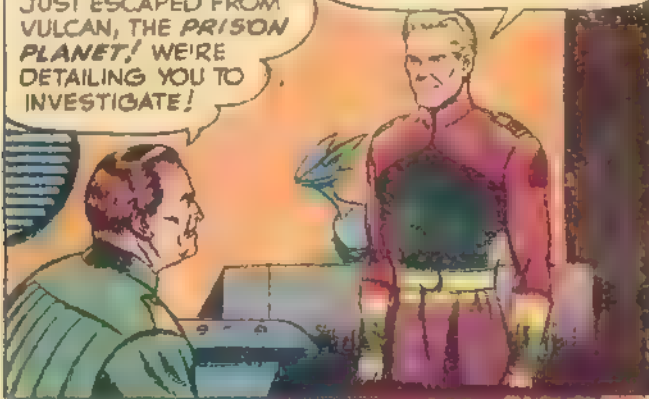
DIRE EMERGENCY IN THE YEAR 2050 BRINGS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, OF THE PLANETEERS, TO THE EARTH HEADQUARTERS OF HIS COMMANDER...

COLONEL TOMORROW, TWO CONVICTS HAVE JUST ESCAPED FROM VULCAN, THE PRISON PLANET! WE'RE DETAILING YOU TO INVESTIGATE!

YES, SIR! I'LL TAKE OFF AT ONCE IN THE SPACE-ACE!

NO, WAIT... IT ISN'T JUST A MATTER OF FINDING THEM! IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO LEARN *HOW* THEY ESCAPED, AND THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN DO THAT IS TO GO TO VULCAN DISGUISED AS A CONVICT YOURSELF!

TOMMY TOMORROW, CRIMINAL, EH? VERY WELL, SIR... I'LL DO MY BEST!





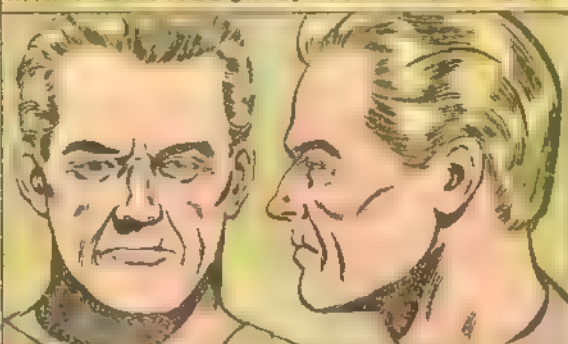
ACTION COMICS



AND SO, THE MIRACLE OF *MODERN SCIENTIFIC MAKE-UP* TRANSFORMS TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS INTO...



...RAY-GUN ROBBINS, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1!



JOHN ROBBINS, ALIAS "RAY-GUN" ROBBINS, CONVICTED FOR SPACE PIRACY, SENTENCED TO VULCAN PRISON.

NEXT DAY, WITH OTHER CONVICTS, HE STARTS HIS JOURNEY TO THE GRIM PRISON PLANET, **VULCAN!**



SHALER! ROBBINS! JONES!

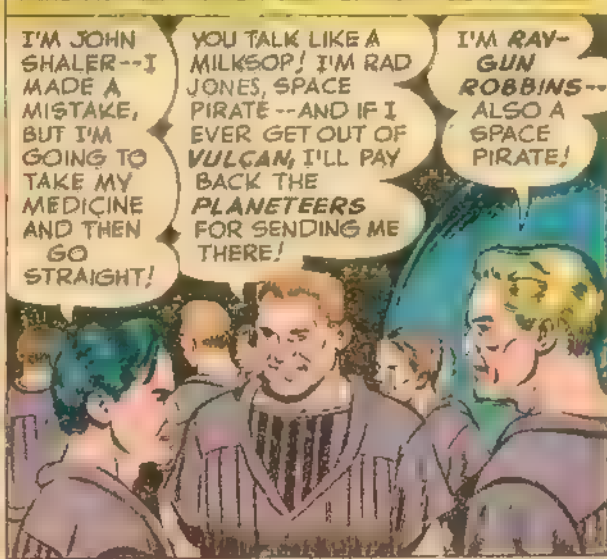
EVEN THESE GUARDS DON'T RECOGNIZE ME!

AND AS THE PRISON SHIP SPEEDS SUNWARD...

I'M JOHN SHALER--I MADE A MISTAKE, BUT I'M GOING TO TAKE MY MEDICINE AND THEN GO STRAIGHT!

YOU TALK LIKE A MILKSOP! I'M RAD JONES, SPACE PIRATE--AND IF I EVER GET OUT OF VULCAN, I'LL PAY BACK THE PLANETEERS FOR SENDING ME THERE!

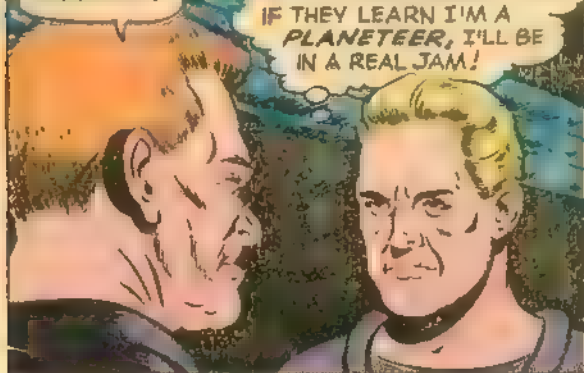
I'M RAY-GUN ROBBINS--ALSO A SPACE PIRATE!



HMM...I KNOW ALL THE PIRATES IN THE UNIVERSE, BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF YOU, ROBBINS!

OH, THAT'S--ER--BECAUSE I OPERATED ON MY OWN, WAY OUT BY PLUTO, THE **DARK WORLD!**

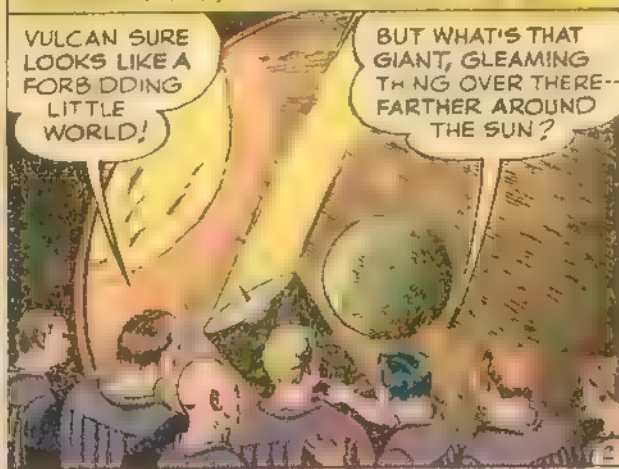
WHEW! I HOPE HE DOESN'T SUSPECT ME! IF THEY LEARN I'M A PLANETEER, I'LL BE IN A REAL JAM!

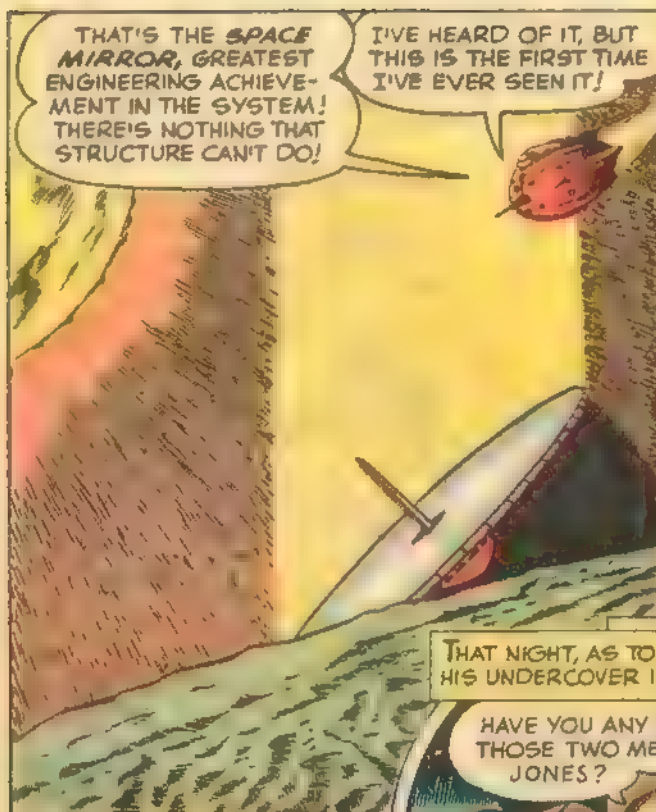


LATER, AS THE SHIP APPROACHES VULCAN, THE STRANGE LITTLE PLANET CLOSE TO THE SUN...

VULCAN SURE LOOKS LIKE A FORBIDDING LITTLE WORLD!

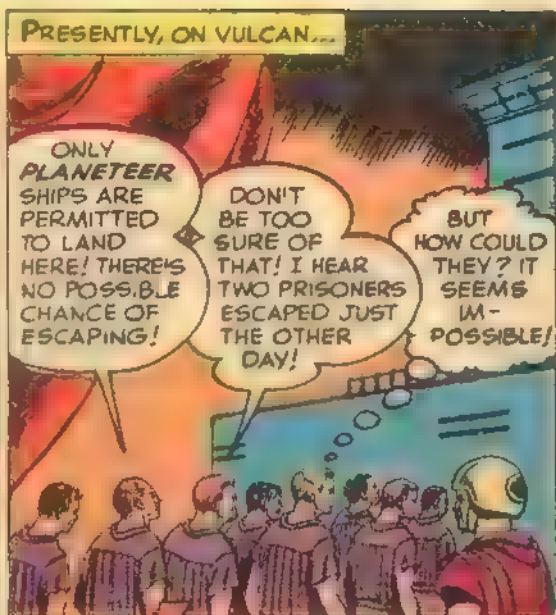
BUT WHAT'S THAT GIANT, GLEAMING THING OVER THERE--FARTHER AROUND THE SUN?





THAT'S THE **SPACE MIRROR**, GREATEST ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT IN THE SYSTEM! THERE'S NOTHING THAT STRUCTURE CAN'T DO!

I'VE HEARD OF IT, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN IT!



PRESENTLY, ON VULCAN...

ONLY **PLANETEER** SHIPS ARE PERMITTED TO LAND HERE! THERE'S NO POSSIBLE CHANCE OF ESCAPING!

DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT! I HEAR TWO PRISONERS ESCAPED JUST THE OTHER DAY!

BUT HOW COULD THEY? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT NIGHT, AS TOMMY BEGINS HIS UNDERCOVER INVESTIGATION...

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW THOSE TWO MEN ESCAPED, JONES?

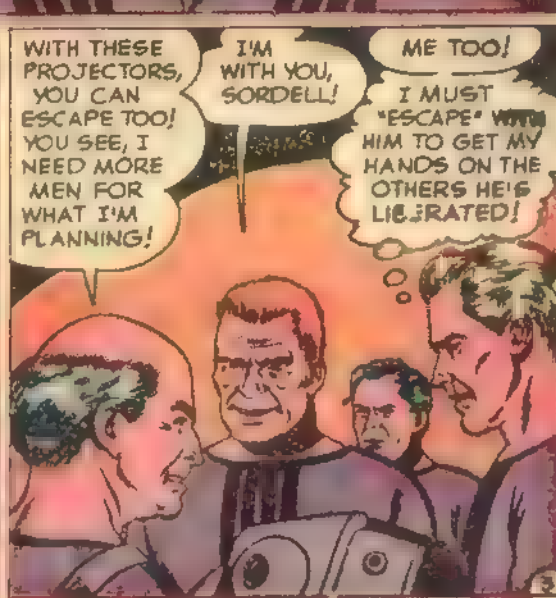
NO, BUT THEY DID IT! ONE OF THEM WAS **SORDELL**, THE **CRIMINAL SCIENTIST**! HE MUST BE PLENTY SMART!

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT! I AM **SORDELL**!

AND AN INCREDIBLE PHENOMENON OCCURS BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES...

SORDELL! AND HE'S WALKING RIGHT THROUGH **SOLID WALLS**! BUT HOW?

SEE THESE PROJECTORS I'M WEARING? THEY'RE ABLE TO VIBRATE THE ATOMS OF YOUR BODY AT SUCH HIGH SPEED THAT YOU CAN PASS THROUGH **SOLID MATTER**! I BUILT THEM SECRETLY WHILE I WAS HERE!

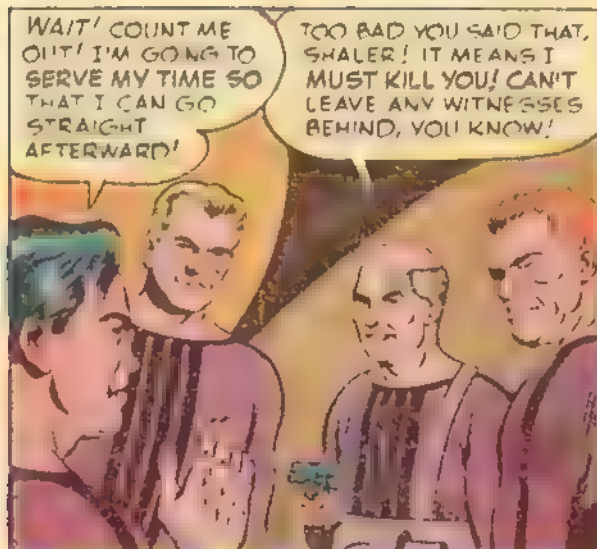


WITH THESE PROJECTORS, YOU CAN ESCAPE TOO! YOU SEE, I NEED MORE MEN FOR WHAT I'M PLANNING!

I'M WITH YOU, **SORDELL**!

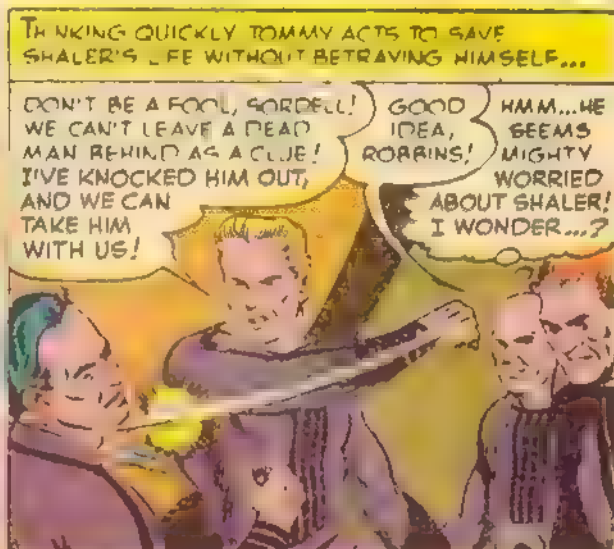
ME TOO!

I MUST "ESCAPE" WITH HIM TO GET MY HANDS ON THE OTHERS HE'S LIBERATED!



WAIT! COUNT ME OUT! I'M GOING TO SERVE MY TIME SO THAT I CAN GO STRAIGHT AFTERWARD!

TOO BAD YOU SAID THAT, SHALER! IT MEANS I MUST KILL YOU! CAN'T LEAVE ANY WITNESSES BEHIND, YOU KNOW!

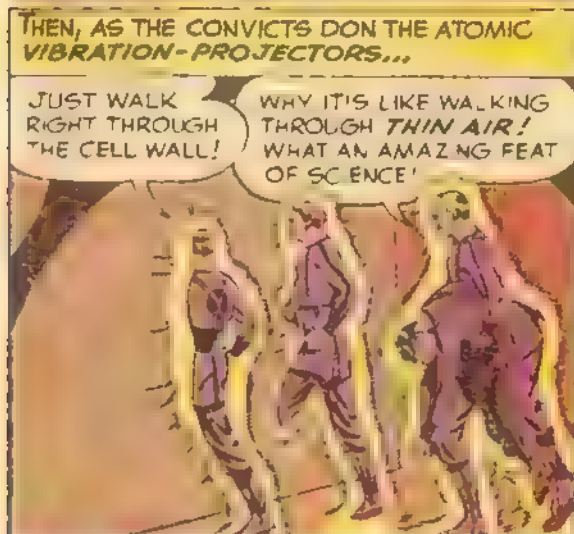


THINKING QUICKLY TOMMY ACTS TO SAVE SHALER'S LIFE WITHOUT BETRAYING HIMSELF...

DON'T BE A FOOL, SORDELL! WE CAN'T LEAVE A DEAD MAN BEHIND AS A CLUE! I'VE KNOCKED HIM OUT, AND WE CAN TAKE HIM WITH US!

GOOD IDEA, RORRINS!

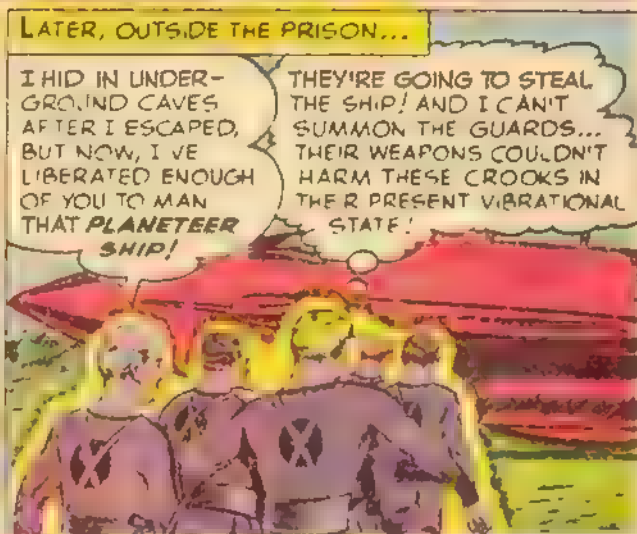
HMM...HE SEEMS MIGHTY WORRIED ABOUT SHALER! I WONDER...?



THEN, AS THE CONVICTS DON THE ATOMIC VIBRATION-PROJECTORS...

JUST WALK RIGHT THROUGH THE CELL WALL!

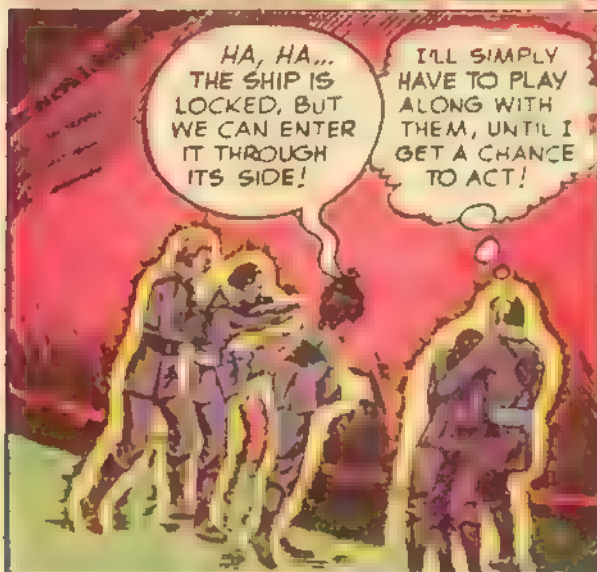
WHY IT'S LIKE WALKING THROUGH *THIN AIR*! WHAT AN AMAZING FEAT OF SCIENCE!



LATER, OUTSIDE THE PRISON...

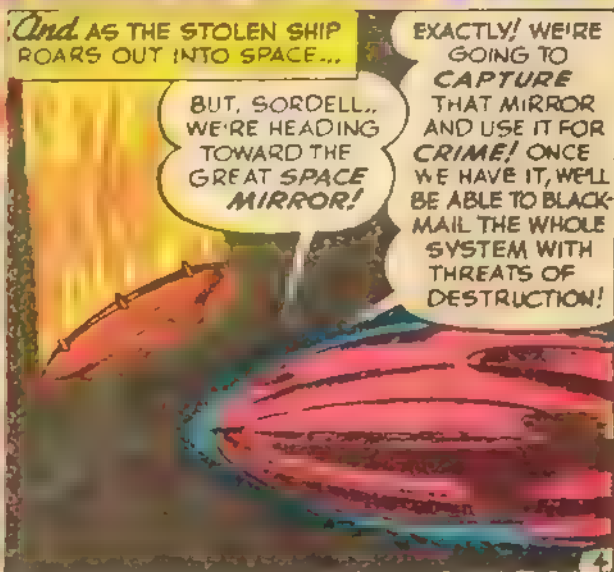
I HID IN UNDERGROUND CAVES AFTER I ESCAPED, BUT NOW, I'VE LIBERATED ENOUGH OF YOU TO MAN THAT *PLANETEER SHIP*!

THEY'RE GOING TO STEAL THE SHIP! AND I CAN'T SUMMON THE GUARDS... THEIR WEAPONS COULDN'T HARM THESE CROOKS IN THE PRESENT VIBRATIONAL STATE!



HA, HA... THE SHIP IS LOCKED, BUT WE CAN ENTER IT THROUGH ITS SIDE!

I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO PLAY ALONG WITH THEM, UNTIL I GET A CHANCE TO ACT!



And AS THE STOLEN SHIP ROARS OUT INTO SPACE...

BUT, SORDELL.. WE'RE HEADING TOWARD THE GREAT *SPACE MIRROR*!

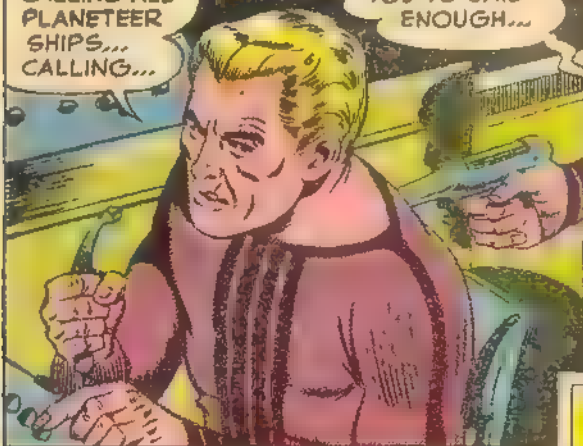
EXACTLY! WE'RE GOING TO *CAPTURE* THAT MIRROR AND USE IT FOR *CRIME*! ONCE WE HAVE IT, WE'LL BE ABLE TO BLACK-MAIL THE WHOLE SYSTEM WITH THREATS OF DESTRUCTION!



WHILE IN THE RADIO ROOM, AS TOMMY ATTEMPTS TO FLASH WARNING OF THE APPALLING SCHEME

CALLING ALL PLANETEER SHIPS... CALLING...

HOLD IT, ROBBINS... YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH...



COME IN, BOYS... THIS GUY'S A PLANETEER AGENT! I SUSPECTED HIM ALL ALONG... WHEN HE SAID HE WAS A PIRATE FROM PLUTO, I REALIZED HE WAS TOO TANNED TO BE FROM SO FAR AWAY FROM THE SUN!

NICE WORK, JONES. TIE HIM UP WITH SHALER... WE'LL DEAL WITH THEM AFTER WE'VE SEIZED THE MIRROR!



AND AS THE CRIMINAL EXPEDITION APPROACHES THE MIRROR...



MARS REQUESTS MORE SUNLIGHT TO MELT THE POLAR SNOW-CAPS FASTER, SIR!

CHECK! WE'LL TURN THE BEAM ON NORTH MARS AT ONCE!

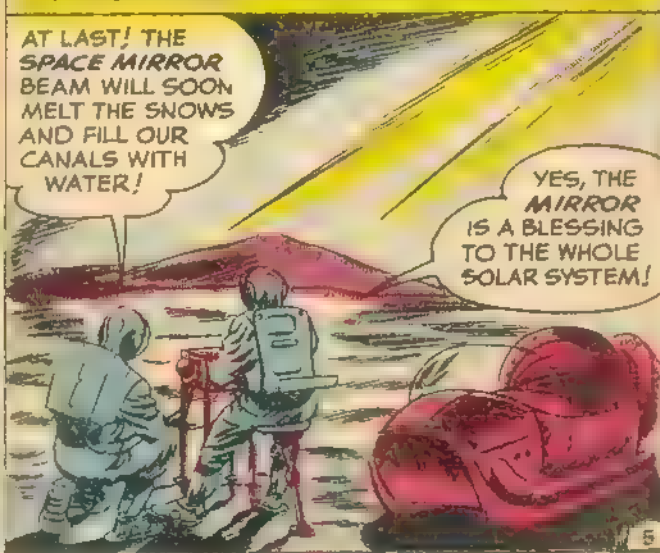
PONDEROUSLY, ROCKET-TUBES TURN THE GIANT STRUCTURE WHICH SENDS...



...ITS RAYS ACROSS EMPTY SPACE TO DISTANT MARS!

AT LAST! THE SPACE MIRROR BEAM WILL SOON MELT THE SNOWS AND FILL OUR CANALS WITH WATER!

YES, THE MIRROR IS A BLESSING TO THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM!





BUT A GREAT BLESSING IS ABOUT TO BECOME A DEADLY PERIL TO SOLAR CIVILIZATION! FOR IN THE MIRROR'S CONTROL ROOM...

HOLD IT! WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

HUH?
SPACE
PIRATES!

SOON...

HA, HA... NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW! WE CAN MAKE THIS MIRROR DO ANYTHING WE WANT! WATCH... WE'LL TRY IT OUT...

"NOW LET'S TRY BURNING A SWATH THROUGH THE JUNGLES OF JUPITER..."

"...BY CONCENTRATING ITS HEAT BEAM ON THE OCEANS OF VENUS..."

THE SPACE MIRROR BEAM-- IT'S BOILING THE SEA!

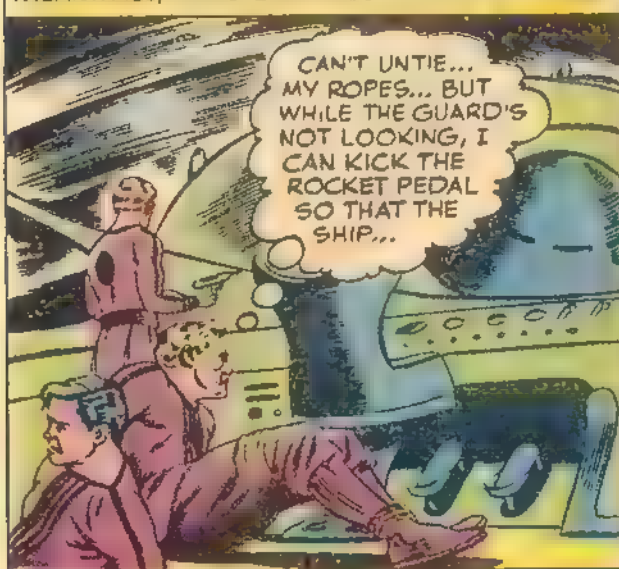
HAVE THOSE SPACE MIRROR OPERATORS GONE CRAZY?

AH, THE PLANETEERS ARE FLYING TO THE RESCUE! BUT EVEN THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE!

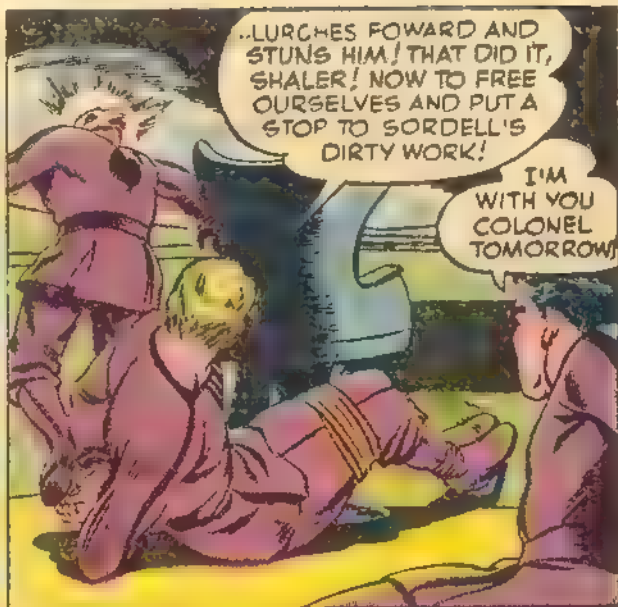
WE CAN'T GET NEAR THE MIRROR... ITS BEAM WILL MELT OUR SHIPS!

TURN BACK! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO... THE SYSTEM'S AT THE MERCY OF WHOEVER CONTROLS THAT BEAM!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CRIMINALS' STOLEN SPACE SHIP...



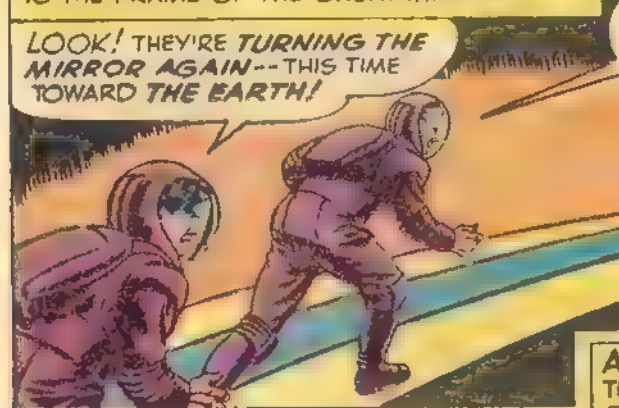
CAN'T UNTIE... MY ROPES... BUT WHILE THE GUARD'S NOT LOOKING, I CAN KICK THE ROCKET PEDAL SO THAT THE SHIP...



..LURCHES FOWARD AND STUNS HIM! THAT DID IT, SHALER! NOW TO FREE OURSELVES AND PUT A STOP TO SORDELL'S DIRTY WORK!

I'M WITH YOU COLONEL TOMORROW!

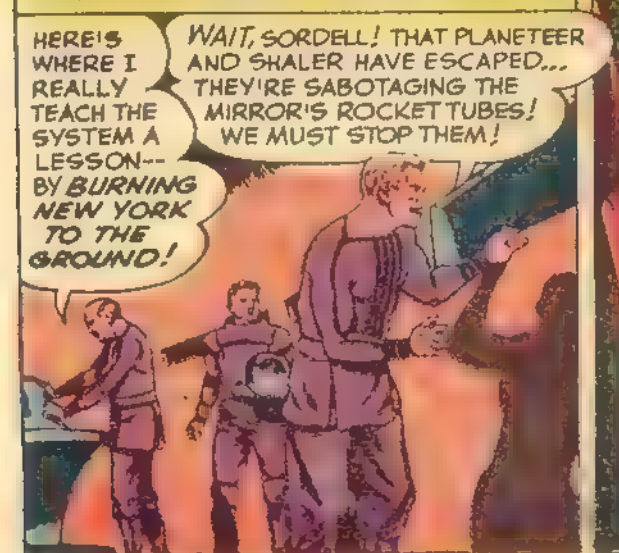
MOMENTS LATER, AS THE TWO CLAMBER OUT TO THE FRAME OF THE GREAT MIRROR...



LOOK! THEY'RE TURNING THE MIRROR AGAIN--THIS TIME TOWARD THE EARTH!

THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THAT IS BY MANIPULATING THE ROCKET TUBES THAT TURN IT! BUT DON'T FALL IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR, OR THE GREAT BEAM WILL REDUCE YOU TO ASHES!

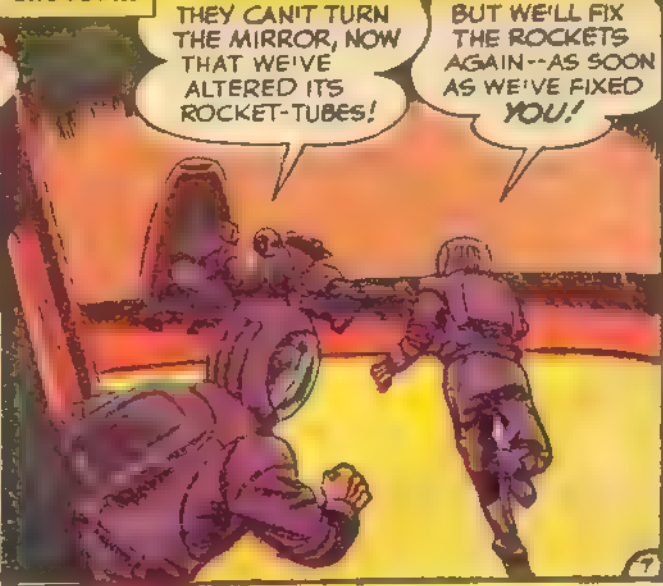
WHILE IN THE MIRROR'S CONTROL ROOM...



HERE'S WHERE I REALLY TEACH THE SYSTEM A LESSON--BY BURNING NEW YORK TO THE GROUND!

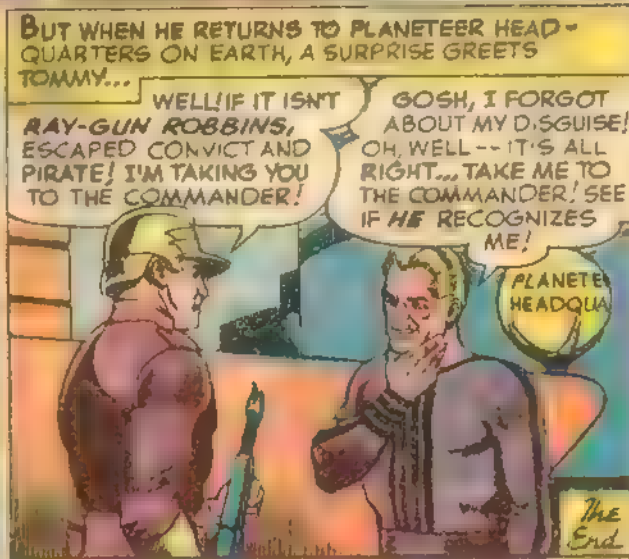
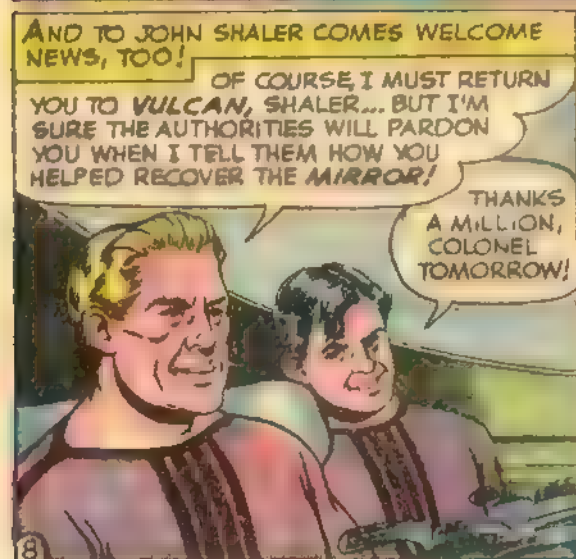
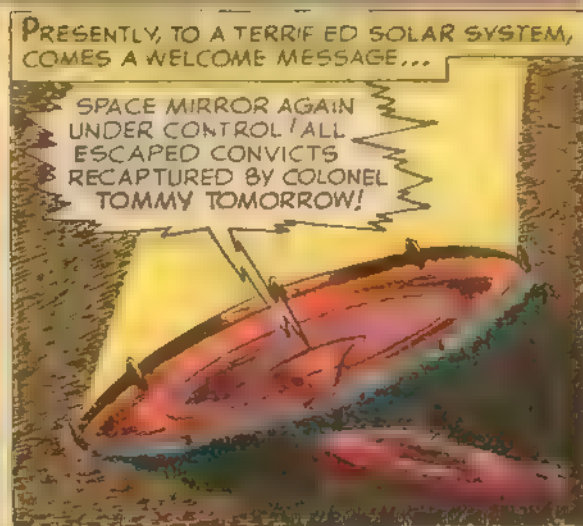
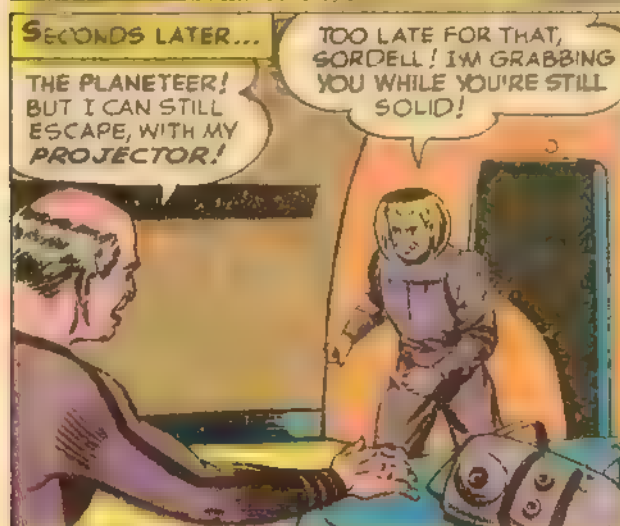
WAIT, SORDELL! THAT PLANETEER AND SHALER HAVE ESCAPED... THEY'RE SABOTAGING THE MIRROR'S ROCKET TUBES! WE MUST STOP THEM!

AND AS THE CROOKS RUSH OUT TO THE EDGE OF THE GIANT STRUCTURE, A PERILOUS STRUGGLE ENSUES...



THEY CAN'T TURN THE MIRROR, NOW THAT WE'VE ALTERED ITS ROCKET-TUBES!

BUT WE'LL FIX THE ROCKETS AGAIN--AS SOON AS WE'VE FIXED YOU!



CALLING ALL

"BRAVES!"

START YOUR OWN SECRET TRIBE
GET

STRAIGHT ARROW'S
colorfully stitched

TRIBAL
PATCH!



Tribal
Identification
Patch Shown
Actual Size



MYSTIC MARK OF HONOR

Use it for your "tribe" or club badge! Looks swell on your cap or beanie! Put it on your favorite sweater or jacket!

START YOUR OWN STRAIGHT ARROW "TRIBE"!

To be a member all your friends should have this swell patch, for a "tribal" badge! Beautifully colored, made of washable twill, the designs sewn with thousands of embroidered stitches! Made by the people who made Army, Navy, and Marine patches, so you know it's first class! Stands up to lots of wear, won't fade, won't ravel! Looks like a million on sweaters, T-shirts, notebooks, armbands, caps! Hurry, get this patch now, see that every member of your "tribe" gets one!

HURRY! LIMITED TIME ONLY!

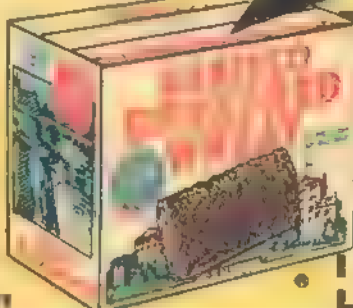
ONLY 10¢ AND A NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT BOX TOP

You'll really "go for" this hearty, good-tasting, whole wheat breakfast! Naturally good for you 'cause it contains the bran and wheat germ! Ask your Mom to get the original NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—

the breakfast full
of POWER from
Niagara Falls!



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NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
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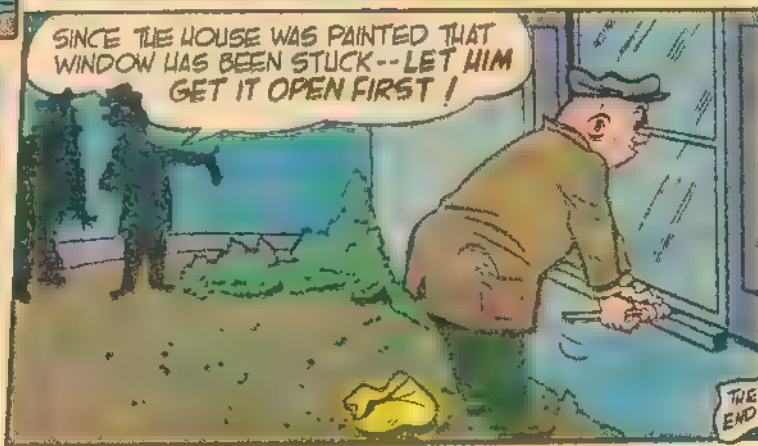
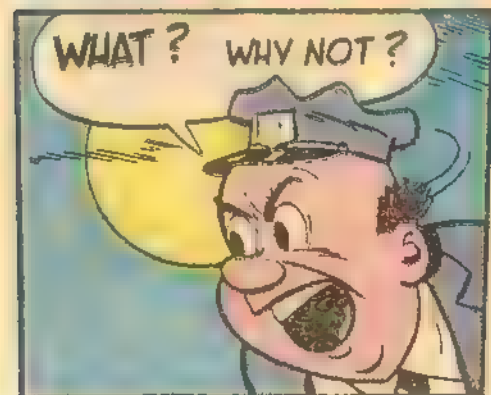
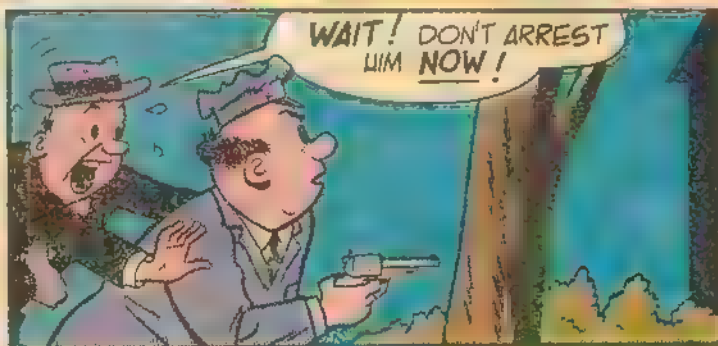
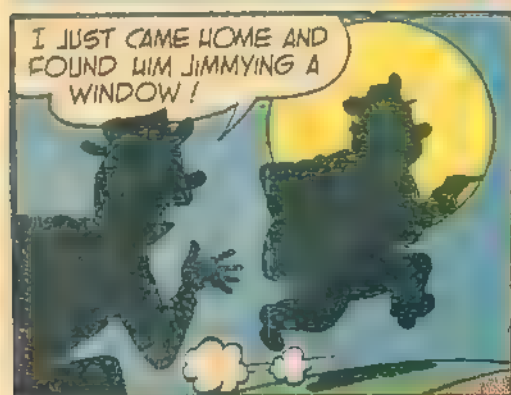
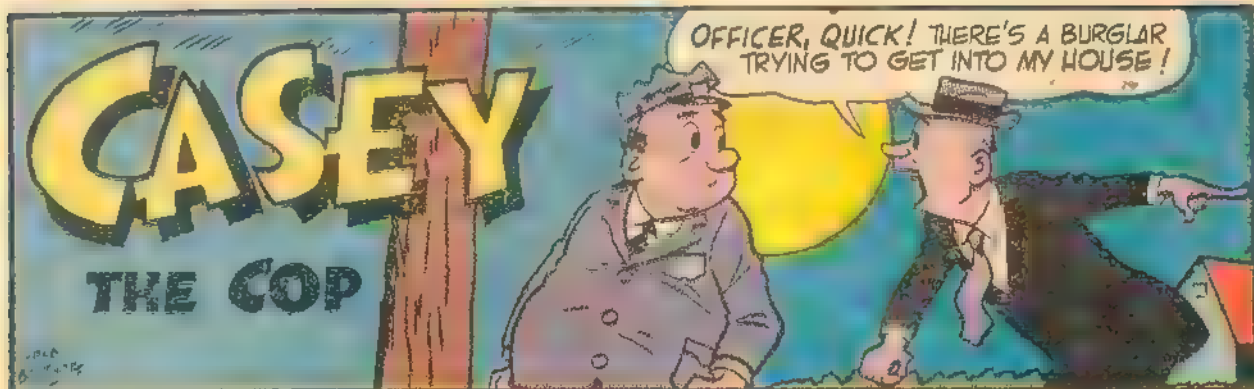
Please rush me my STRAIGHT ARROW TRIBAL PATCH. I enclose 10¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT boxtop. (Please Print)

Name

Address

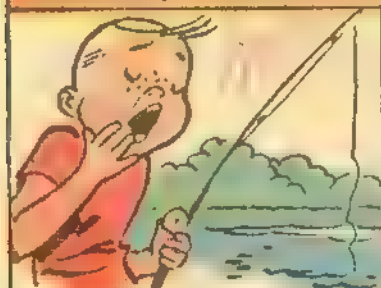
City Zone State

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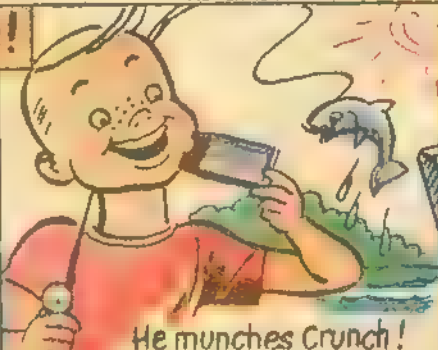


ADVERTISEMENT

The Day's Best Bite!



Not a bite all mornin'...
and Neddy Nestle's yawnin'...



He munches Crunch!
Oh Brother,
One Good Bite Brought Another!

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY
GOODNESS...



THE FAVORITE
OF MILLIONS!

CONGO BILL

PRESENTING CONGO BILL, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK, IN A GAME OF **DESERT FOOTBALL**! HOW CAN SANDY ARABIAN WASTELAND BE TURNED INTO A GRIDIRON, YOU ASK? WELL, READ ON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, AS THE FAMED WORLD ADVENTURER RECALLS SOME PIGSKIN PLAYS FROM HIS COLLEGE DAYS, CONVERTS A BANDIT'S STRONGHOLD INTO A MAKESHIFT STADIUM, AND THUS SAVES THREE LIVES-- BY SCORING A...

TOUCH-DOWN in the DESERT!



AN URGENT ASSIGNMENT BRINGS CONGO BILL, ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE CO., TO AN ARABIAN COASTAL CITY...

YOU RECEIVED MY CABLE ABOUT MURIEL COURTNEY, CHIEF HAKIM?

YES, CONGO BILL! I ACTED ON IT PROMPTLY, FOR I TOO AM WORRIED ABOUT HER!



AGAINST ALL ADVICE, MISS COURTNEY LEFT YESTERDAY, WITH TWO ARAB GUIDES, FOR THE INTERIOR OF HADRAMUT-TERRITORY OF EL AKRIM, THE ROBBER SHEIK!

THE MOST DANGEROUS OUTLAW IN ARABIA! ALL I WANTED WAS HER HELP IN A CASE I'M WORKING ON--BUT NOW, IT LOOKS AS IF SHE'S THE ONE WHO WILL NEED HELP!



LATER, AS A CARAVAN BEGINS A DESERT TREK TO THE HIGHLANDS OF YEMEN...

YOU ARE BRAVE, CONGO BILL-- BUT FOOLHARDY TO VENTURE ALONE INTO EL AKRIM'S COUNTRY! WHY, WE HERE HESITATE TO ATTACK HIM WITH A WHOLE REGIMENT!

THEN WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO TO TAKE HALF A DOZEN OTHERS ALONG? SOMETIMES, ONE MAN CAN DO MORE THAN A REGIMENT ANYHOW!



THUS, A LONE CAMEL RIDER HEADS INTO THE WASTE OF THE TRACKLESS DESERT SAND...

THIS IS THE ROUTE SHE'D TAKE IF SHE WERE LOOKING FOR THE BANDIT SHEIK--AS I'M SURE SHE IS! SINCE THIS CAMEL IS FASTER THAN MOST, I OUGHT CATCH UP WITH HER EVENTUALLY!



SUDDENLY...

HALT, DOG, OR YOU SHALL MAKE A FEAST FOR THE VULTURES!

OH, OH... CAUGHT WITH MY GUARD DOWN! IF THESE ARE EL AKRIM'S MEN, THEY'LL SHOOT ME AS A SPY WHEN THEY DISCOVER I'M A YANKEE DISGUISED AS AN ARAB!



HERE IS THE ONE WE SAW FOLLOWING OUR TRAIL! WHAT NOW?

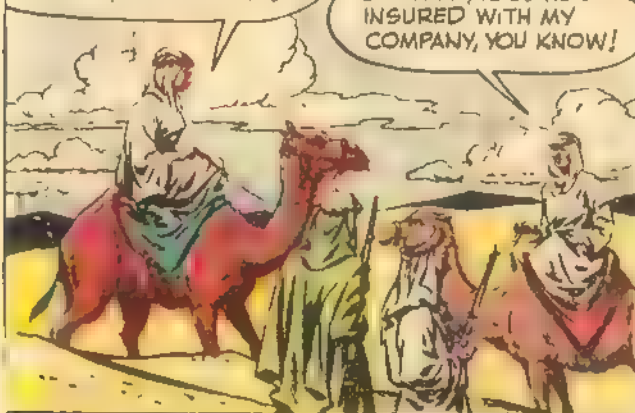
UNDOUBTEDLY HE IS ONE OF THE BANDITS! I WILL QUESTION HIM!

ANOTHER ONE! BUT WAIT... THAT VOICE!



TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE AMERICAN ENGINEER, RICHARD COURTNEY, WHO CAME HERE SEARCHING FOR OIL, LAST MONTH!

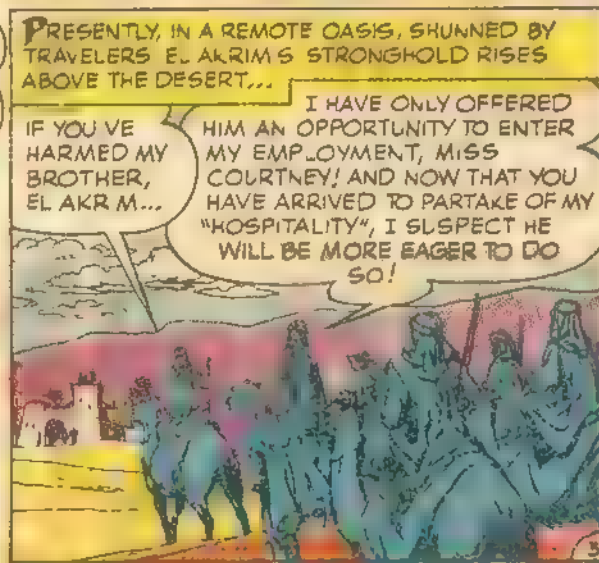
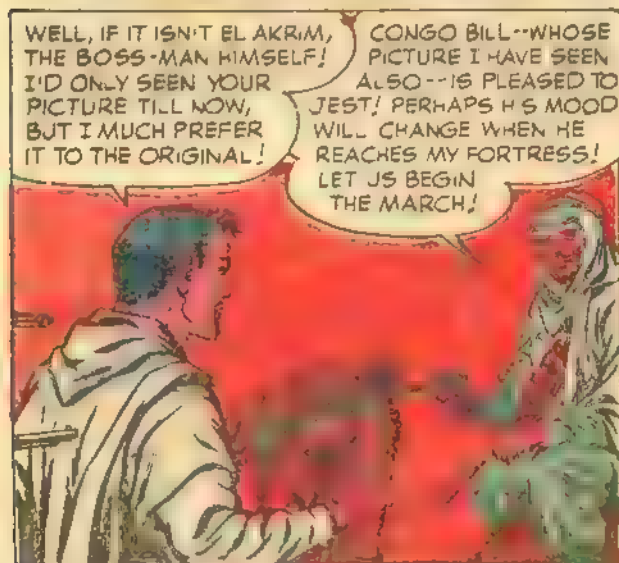
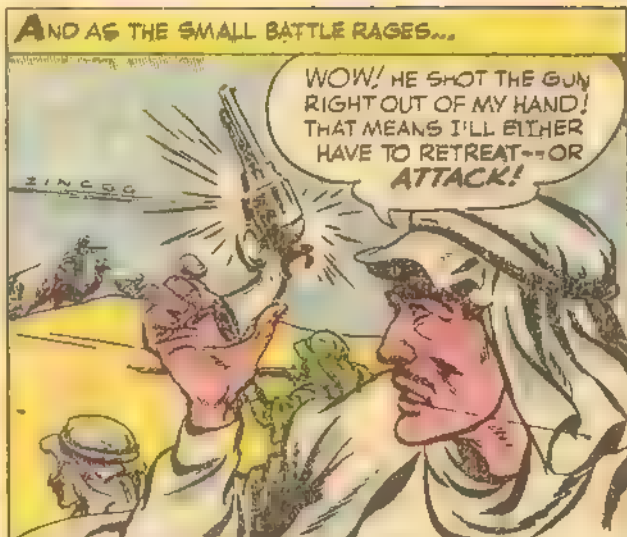
BELIEVE ME, *MISS MURIEL COURTNEY*, I WISH I COULD, BUT I'M TRYING TO FIND YOUR BROTHER, TOO! HE'S INSURED WITH MY COMPANY, YOU KNOW!

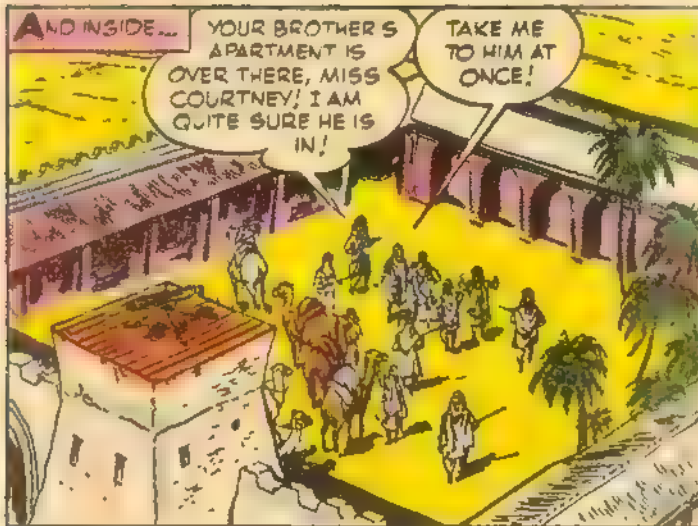


YOU--YOU'RE AN AMERICAN! WHY, YOU MUST BE...

CONGO BILL, AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM! AND NOW, IF YOU'LL GO HOME LIKE A GOOD GIRL, I'LL CONTINUE MY SEARCH!







AND INSIDE...

YOUR BROTHER'S APARTMENT IS OVER THERE, MISS COURTNEY! I AM QUITE SURE HE IS IN!

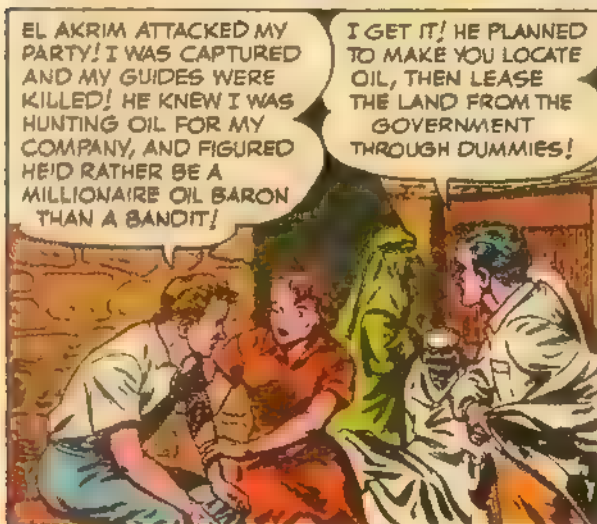
TAKE ME TO HIM AT ONCE!



ENTER!

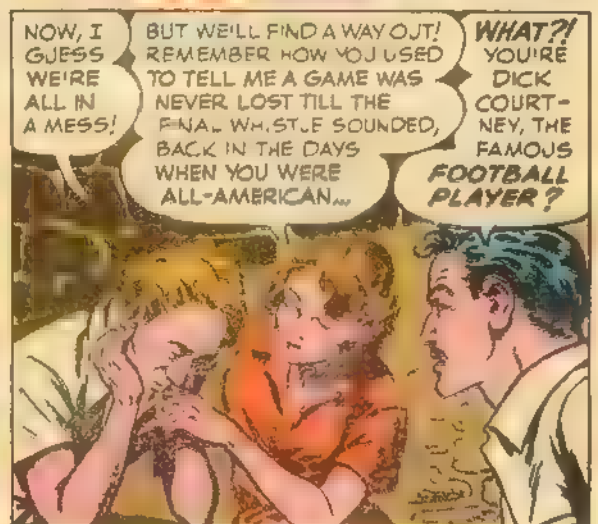
DICK!

MURIEL! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



EL AKRIM ATTACKED MY PARTY! I WAS CAPTURED AND MY GUIDES WERE KILLED! HE KNEW I WAS HUNTING OIL FOR MY COMPANY, AND FIGURED HE'D RATHER BE A MILLIONAIRE OIL BARON THAN A BANDIT!

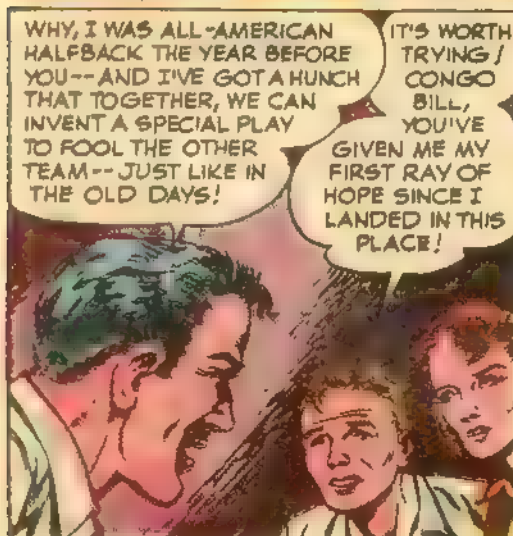
I GET IT! HE PLANNED TO MAKE YOU LOCATE OIL, THEN LEASE THE LAND FROM THE GOVERNMENT THROUGH DUMMIES!



NOW, I GUESS WE'RE ALL IN A MESS!

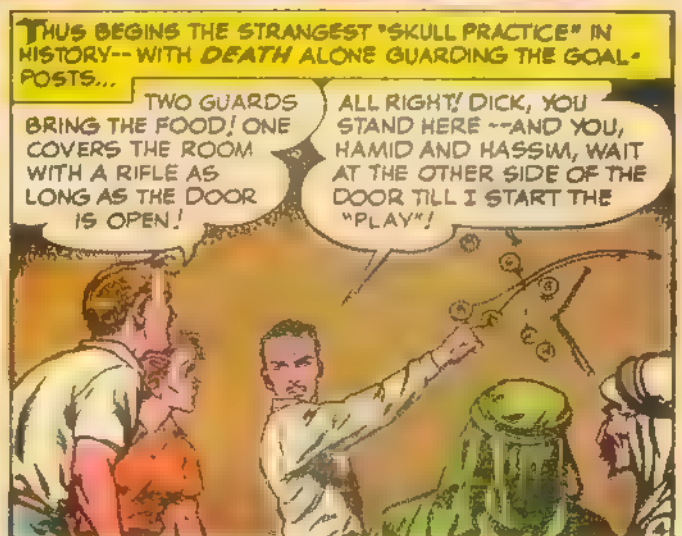
BUT WE'LL FIND A WAY OUT! REMEMBER HOW YOU USED TO TELL ME A GAME WAS NEVER LOST TILL THE FINAL WHISTLE SOUNDED, BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN YOU WERE ALL-AMERICAN...

WHAT?! YOU'RE DICK COURTNEY, THE FAMOUS FOOTBALL PLAYER?



WHY, I WAS ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK THE YEAR BEFORE YOU--AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT TOGETHER, WE CAN INVENT A SPECIAL PLAY TO FOOL THE OTHER TEAM--JUST LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS!

IT'S WORTH TRYING! CONGO BILL, YOU'VE GIVEN ME MY FIRST RAY OF HOPE SINCE I LANDED IN THIS PLACE!



THIS BEGINS THE STRANGEST "SKULL PRACTICE" IN HISTORY--WITH DEATH ALONE GUARDING THE GOAL-POSTS...

TWO GUARDS BRING THE FOOD! ONE COVERS THE ROOM WITH A RIFLE AS LONG AS THE DOOR IS OPEN!

ALL RIGHT! DICK, YOU STAND HERE--AND YOU, HAMID AND HASSIM, WAIT AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR TILL I START THE "PLAY"!



SOON,
A KEY
GRATES
IN THE
LOCK--
AND THE
PLAYERS
IN THE
DES-
PERATE
GAME
SILENTLY
TAKE
THEIR
PLACES...

EAT WELL! WHO
KNOWS BUT
WHAT IT MAY
BE YOUR LAST
MEAL?

INDEED--NOT
MANY HAVE BEEN
LOCKED IN THIS
PRISON ROOM AND
LIVED TO TELL OF IT!



ABRUPTLY, THE KICKOFF!

A BEAUTIFUL KICK,
CONGO BILL!

THAT'S BECAUSE
YOU HELD THE BALL--
I MEAN BOWL--IN
JUST THE RIGHT
POSITION, DICK!



NEXT, THE LINE-PLAY...

MY TOE MAY NOT BE
MUCH GOOD FOR
KICKING, BUT MY
HEEL WILL KEEP
THIS HEEL QUIET
FOR AWHILE!

LET'S SEE YOU RUN
INTERFERENCE,
DICK!



SECONDS LATER...

OUT OF THE WAY, CHUM!
YOU'RE NOT IN THE
SAME CLASS WITH US
ALL-AMERICANS!

THE DOGS ARE
ESCAPING!
SHOOT
THEM!



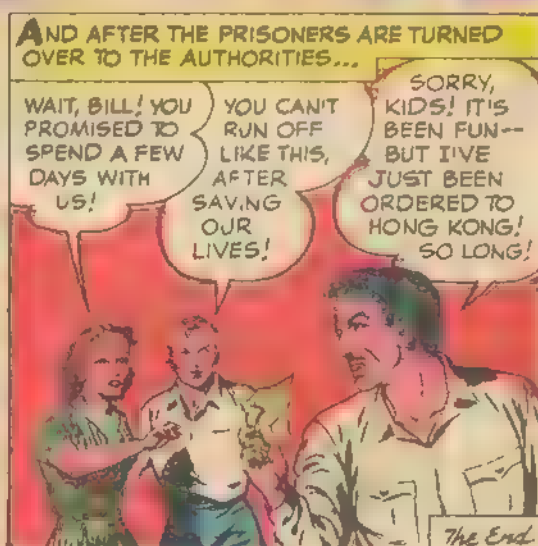
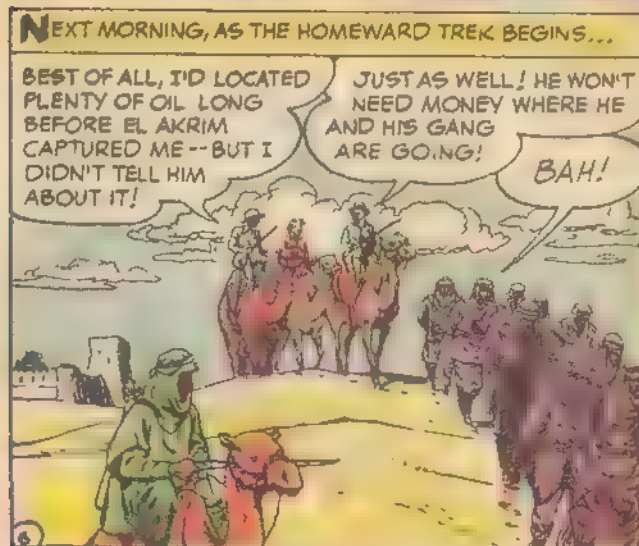
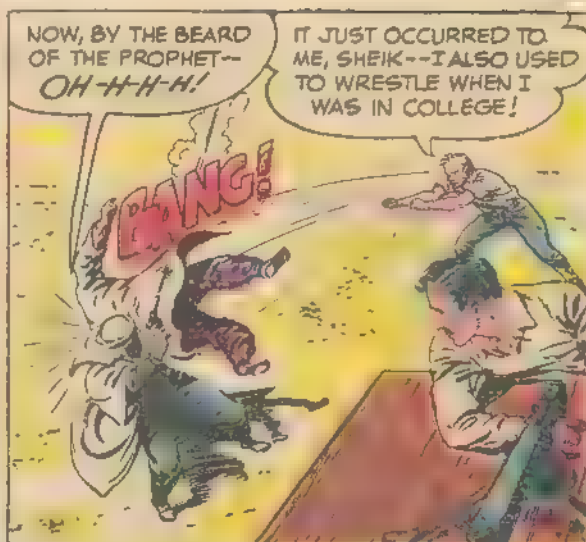
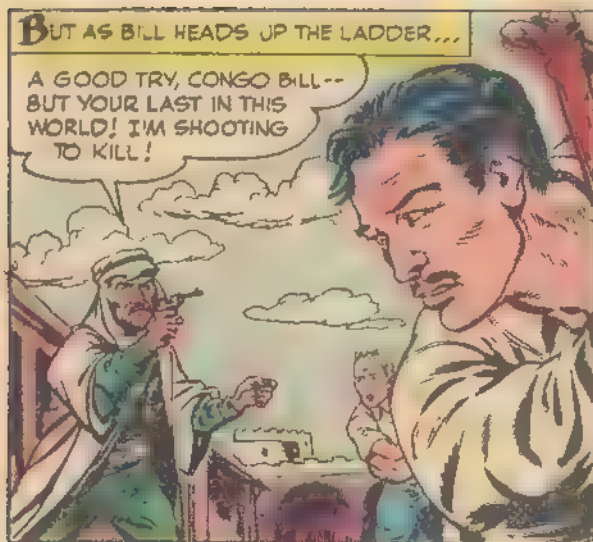
THEN
FOLLOWS A
DAZZLING
EXHIBITION
OF
BROKEN-
FIELD
RUNNING!

THEY ARE MAD!
DO NOT GO NEAR
THEM!

LUCKY THERE'S NO REFEREE
TO PENALIZE ME FOR THIS!
I HATE TO BREAK THE RULES--
BUT I ALSO HATE TO GET
SHOT!

I ONCE KNOCKED DOWN
HALF THE HARVARD
LINE THIS WAY!





ADVERTISEMENT



SEE THIS? IT'S THE FAMOUS
ERECTOR JUST-LIKE-REAL
SQUARE GIRDER.
ONLY ERECTOR
BUILDS IT!



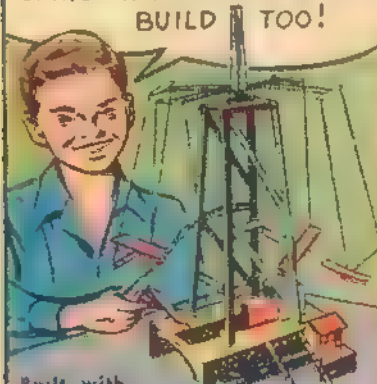
HERE'S THE POWERFUL
ERECTOR ELECTRIC ENGINE
TO PUT MODELS INTO
THRILLING ACTION!
HAS 2 SPEEDS.
FORWARD AND
REVERSE.



ERECTOR IS JAM-PACKED
WITH EXCITING PARTS—
MORE THAN ANY OTHER
CONSTRUCTION SET!

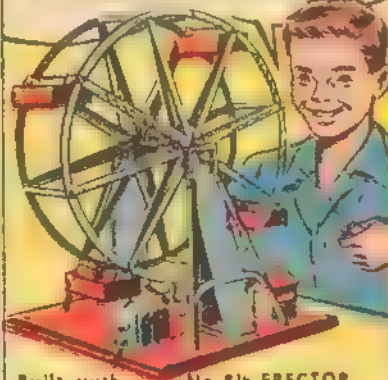


THIS AIRPLANE RIDE REALLY
SPINS! WHAT FUN IT IS TO
BUILD TOO!



Built with
No. 4½A ERECTOR, \$10.95
Denver and West, \$11.50

THIS GIANT FERRIS WHEEL
RUNS IN EITHER DIRECTION AND
HAS ELECTRIC LIGHTS!



Built with No. 8½ ERECTOR,
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BOY! THE MERRY-GO-ROUND
WHIRLS 'ROUND AND 'ROUND—
THE HORSES GO UP AND DOWN!



Built with No. 10½ ERECTOR,
\$29.50. Denver and West, \$31.00.

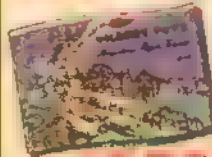
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YOUR UNITED NATIONS AT WORK

A Story from the Files of the World Health Organization

EGYPT, 1947... IN THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF HEALTH...

CHOLERA!

ANOTHER EPIDEMIC HAS BROKEN OUT!

WE MUST ACT QUICKLY! ALL OUTGOING PLANES MUST BE STOPPED AT ONCE TO PREVENT THE SPREAD TO OTHER COUNTRIES!

SWIFTLY, DOCTORS AND HEALTH WORKERS WERE MOBILIZED FOR THE BATTLE AGAINST THE DREAD KILLER! BUT...

WE CAN DISINFECT HOMES AND DESTROY THE BREEDING PLACES OF FLIES CARRYING THE GERM-- BUT WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH VACCINE TO INOCULATE OUR 19,000,000 PEOPLE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE!

AND SOON, AT THE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS' WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION, FORMED ONE YEAR BEFORE...

MESSAGES ARE BEING SENT OUT TO OUR MEMBER NATIONS FOR HELP TO EGYPT! I FEEL CONFIDENT THAT OUR APPEAL WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!

I HOPE SO! EIGHT OUT OF TEN VICTIMS DIED IN EGYPT'S LAST CHOLERA EPIDEMIC!

IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, PLANES FROM THE U.S., BRAZIL, CHINA, ITALY, HOLLAND, THE USSR AND MANY OTHERS WINGED TOWARD EGYPT-- AN AIR CARAVAN OF MERCY CARRYING TONS OF VACCINE, HYPODERMIC NEEDLES, DRUGS AND OTHER WEAPONS TO CONQUER THE DEADLY DISEASE!

FOR SIX WEEKS THE EPIDEMIC RAGED, UNTIL FINALLY...

WE'VE WON! IT'S UNDER CONTROL! OVER 15,000,000 PEOPLE HAVE BEEN INOCULATED!

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE DIED-- BUT MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SAVED BY QUICK INTERNATIONAL TEAMWORK... THANKS TO THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION!

THIS IS YOUR UNITED NATIONS AT WORK! WHEN YOU CELEBRATE UN DAY ON OCTOBER 24 BE PROUD YOUR COUNTRY IS A MEMBER NATION. THROUGH THE UN, OUR NATION IS WORKING WITH OTHER NATIONS FOR BETTER HEALTH AND HAPPINESS FOR PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER!

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.



The WONDERFUL STORY OF JUMBO

FOR a long time now, the elephant has been to most people a creature of comedy. With his great, lumbering bulk, his small eyes and enormous trunk, he is scarcely a heroic-looking beast of the jungle.

But look upon the elephant in his homeland, in the vast reaches of tropical jungles from Africa to China and India—and he is quite a different creature to those in circuses. He is a force to be reckoned with at every turn, a clever, dangerous and sometimes diabolically cunning member of the animal kingdom.

If you were on an expedition to track down elephants, you would have to know many things about your quarry that the average person does not know. Let us say, then, that you are with a famous explorer whose specialty is mammalogy, the branch of zoology which deals with mammals, of which the elephant is a member.

You might think it would be relatively simple to trail a big unwieldy creature like the elephant. After a few tries,

you would soon discover that trailing Jumbo is like trying to follow a mass of air through the jungle. Huge as he is, he can make his way as soundlessly as a cat. Although he moves through masses of foliage and overhanging branches, whatever he pushes through closes behind him without a sound. Even his rate of speed is astounding and he has been known to outrun a horse. Actually, his usual gait is a sort of shuffle. But this easy-going rate can carry him through the jungle at the rate of 15 miles an hour.

An Englishman, famed for his great knowledge of elephants and how to hunt them, followed an elephant trail for many days. He climbed mountains and slogged through swamps of lowland jungles. An elephant trail is not, as might be supposed, a great wide swatch cut through the jungle—elephants put their feet close together when they walk, in a kind of swaying motion. This makes the trail a mere two feet or so in width. Then, Jumbo often places his mammoth feet in the tracks of the pachyderm ahead of him. This

means that you are wading in holes as deep as three feet, which fill up with water in the rainy season!

Another trick elephants have is that of swimming under water. They travel along the river's bottom, with their trunks above the water like periscopes on submarines! They are able to store water in their stomach, sometimes as a precaution against a water shortage. And they cannot exist in a climate where water is scarce. Water is as necessary to their health as it is to people.

You have heard the expression: he has a hide as tough as an elephant. On the contrary, the elephant has a delicate and sensitive skin. Flies, mosquitoes and other insects make his life miserable, and to protect himself he plasters himself with mud from the water hole or he blows water over himself with his trunk to keep his hide clear of the pests.

There are two kinds of elephants: African and Asiatic. The latter's ears are smaller.

The elephants seen in circuses are generally Asiatic females, because they are more obedient, and better looking than the African.

The African jumbo is a big, rangy animal, sometimes measuring 11 feet at the shoulder. His tusks weigh as much as from 40 to 150 pounds apiece. Sometimes an old elephant grows so weary of the weight of his tusks that he has been seen resting them in the fork of a tree!

Elephants lavish every affection on their offspring. A mother elephant will nurse any other elephant's baby and both parents make a big fuss over the young. The babies are endowed with a

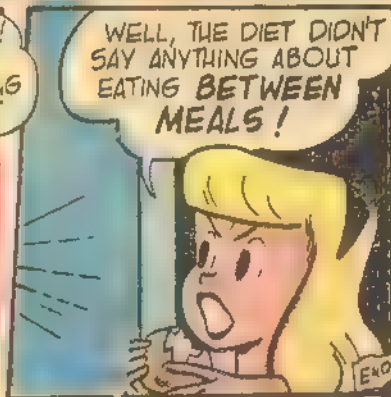
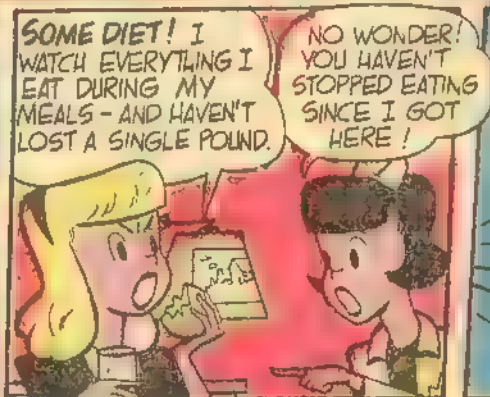
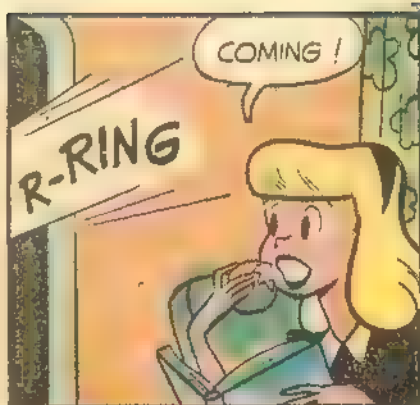
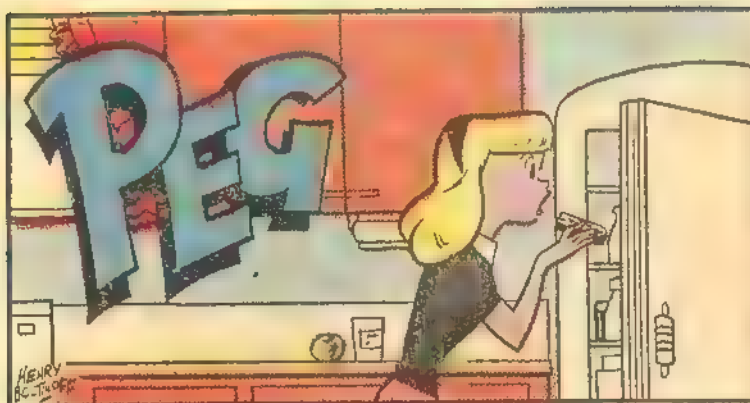
bouncy sense of humor and like to play jokes on their anxious parents. They will often go off into a secluded place to hide, then scream as if in pain. When Mama elephant finally appears, he leaps from behind a tree or bush and usually butts his frantic parent in the stomach.

Elephants hold conversations with each other. They have been known to hold "meetings". A herd gathers in a circle; all make various sounds, and through this, some sort of decision is reached.

The elephant, because of his high intelligence, makes a superb animal to train. A wild adult elephant can usually be thoroughly domesticated within a year after capture. But no trainer ever believes there will come a time when he knows his charge completely. A good trainer realizes that his elephant is constantly on the alert to outwit him in some way or other.

In the hot countries, elephants in captivity are often prone to heat stroke. There is a certain kind of pill given to relieve the distress, but elephants are not overly fond of pills. So—what does the wily pachyderm do? Why, he puts on an act of chewing it.

The elephant is to be admired and respected. No man can master him completely, and a kind and gentle trainer will get further with his mountainous pupil than an impatient and cruel one. Besides, no man ever lived who drove an elephant beyond the limits of endurance. His powers of revenge are quick and deadly—a long toss from an elephant's trunk is something few ever got up from.



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SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

JM IV MFIUXTM WN
OWWL KQBQHMVAPQX—
GWCZ IKBQWVA VWE
EQTT LMBMZUQVM GWCZ
NCBCZM!

SUPERMAN,
c. o. ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

DEC.

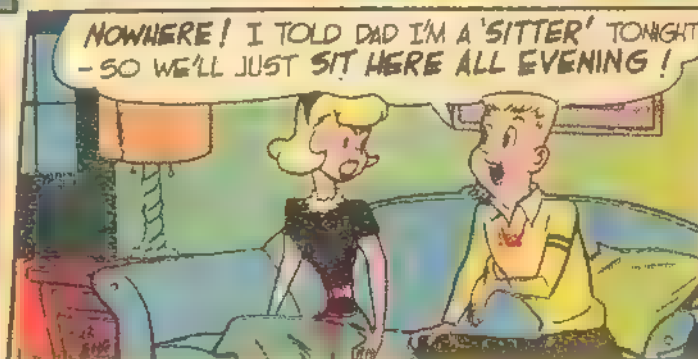
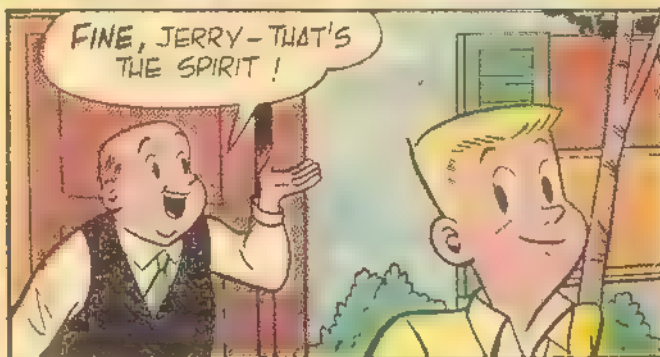
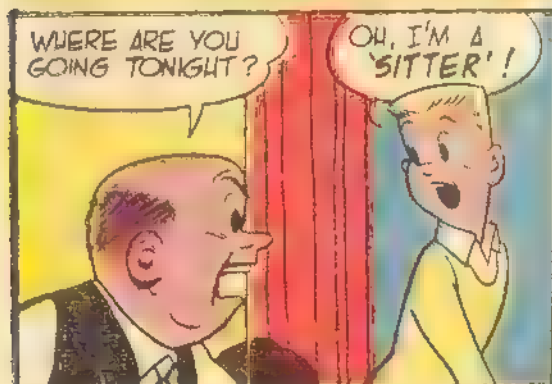
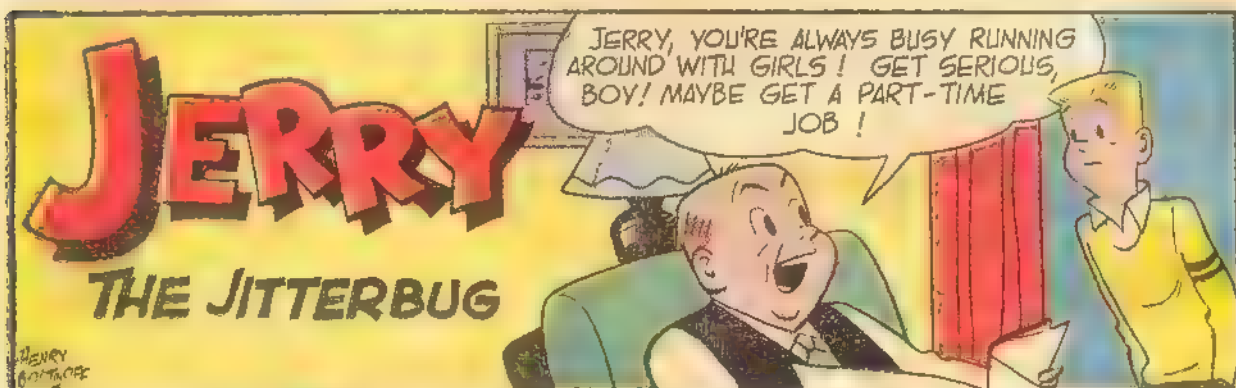
Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE STATE



VIGILANTE



EVER SEE AN HOMBRE LASSO A CYCLONE? WELL, NEITHER HAS ANYONE ELSE TIL GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, GIVES A STRUGGLING GRL. SONGWRTER A BREAK BY BROADCASTING HER BALLAD ABOUT AN IMAGINARY BUCKAROO WHO DOES EXACTLY THAT... AND P.F.A.T.Y. BESIDES! THEN, BEFORE THE ECHOES OF THE SONG DIE DOWN, THE VALIANT VIGILANTE, MASKED DEFENDER OF WESTERN JUSTICE, FINDS HIMSELF LAUNCHED ON AN A-RED-BLE ADVENTURE, IN WHICH HE MUST LITERALLY DO THE IMPOSSIBLE BY RE-ENACTING IN THE FACE OF FLYING BULLETS, THE FANTASTIC FEATS OF...

**"THE BATTLING BUCKAROO
OF GILA GAP!"**

Do
Barry



ONE NIGHT, AS GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, ENTERS HIS DRESSING ROOM AFTER A BROADCAST...

LOOK GREG - THAT CAR IN FRONT OF THE BANK - IT'S MATT LARRUP AND HIS OWLHOOT GANG!

RIGHT STUFF--AND MATT'S WANTED BY THE LAW, WHETHER OR NOT HE'S GETTING SET TO CRACK THE VAULT! TIME THE VIGILANTE WENT TO WORK!



BUT AS THE COWBOY CROONER STARTS TO DON THE FIGHTING TOGS OF THE VIGILANTE...

KNOCK! KNOCK!

MR. SANDERS! I MUST SEE YOU!

A DAME! PROBABLY A FAN AFTER YOUR AUTOGRAPH!

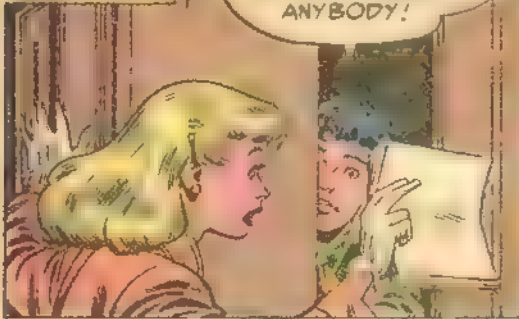


GREAT GUNS! SHOO HER AWAY, STUFF, BEFORE SHE SPOTS ME IN THESE DUDS AND GUESSES ABOUT MY DOUBLE LIFE

SO STUFF, JUNIOR PARTNER OF THE GREAT LAWYAN, BECOMES HIS BODYGUARD.

BUT I TELL YOU I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM GILA GAP AND...

SORRY SISTER! THEY COME FROM EVERYWHERE--AND GREG APPRECIATES IT--BUT RIGHT NOW, HE ISN'T SEEING ANYBODY!



SECONDS LATER AS THE FAMED VIGILANTE-CYCLE IS UNLIMBERED FROM ITS SPECIAL CARRIER RACK...

YIP! THE VIGILANTE! LET'S GIT RIDIN', MATT!

OH, OH... THEY'VE SPOTTED US--AND THIS GAS-EATING BRONC ISN'T EVEN WARMED UP!



AND BEFORE VIGILANTE CAN GET STARTED

LOST 'EM COMPLETELY... AND IT'S TOO DARK TO GO SEARCHING FOR 'EM NOW! OH, WELL - BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

HERE'S HOPING, V.G. THINGS HAVE BEEN TOO SLOW FOR ME LATELY!



JUST THEN...

YUP - NOTHING SEEMS TO--HEY, VIG! A GIRL'S JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW OF THE STUDIO BUILDING!

I SEE HER! REIN IN THIS MACHINE, STUFF, WHILE I TRY TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!





INSTANTLY,
A WELL-
AIMED
NOOSE
MISSES
THROUGH
THE
DARKNESS.



... AND POWERFUL MUSCLES
SURGE IN A SWINGING LEAP...

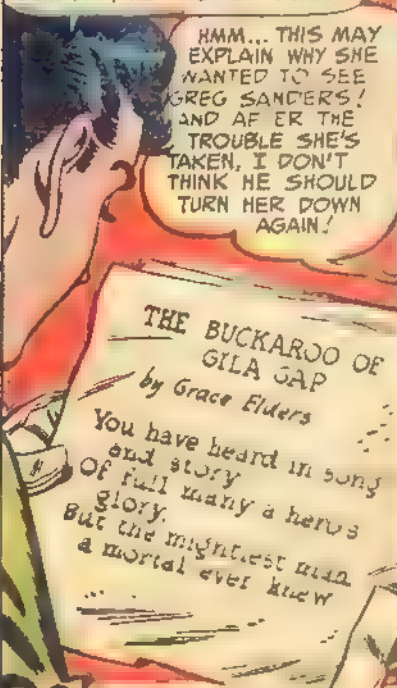


NEXT MOMENT... I CAUGHT HER,
STUFF--BUT I
STILL DON'T KNOW HOW! SHE'S
ONLY FAINTED... SHE'LL BE ALL
RIGHT IN A MINUTE OR TWO!



SAY THAT'S THE GIRL
WHO WANTED TO SEE
THE **PRAIRIE
TROUBADOUR!**
AND SHE HAD THESE
SAME PAPERS IN
HER HAND!

WHY, THESE ARE WORDS FOR A
SONG--A COWBOY BALLAD, ABOUT
GILA GAP, HER HOME TOWN!



HMM... THIS MAY
EXPLAIN WHY SHE
WANTED TO SEE
GREG SANDERS!
AND AFTER THE
TROUBLE SHE'S
TAKEN, I DON'T
THINK HE SHOULD
TURN HER DOWN
AGAIN!

**THE BUCKAROO OF
GILA GAP**
by Grace Elders
You have heard in song
and story
of full many a hero's
glory.
But the mightiest man
a mortal ever knew

AWHILE LATER, IN GREG SANDER'S
AUTO...

SO I'M NOT DREAMING...
YOU'RE REALLY GREG SANDERS!
BUT DID I HAVE A HORRIBLE
NIGHTMARE ABOUT WANTING TO
END IT ALL BY...

DON'T THINK
ABOUT IT, MA'AM... JUST
KEEP TALKING! YOU SAID
YOUR BROTHER IS SICK,
AND YOU'RE AFRAID YOU
CAN'T PAY THE
MORTGAGE ON YOUR
HOME IN GILA GAP...



THAT'S RIGHT! MY
NAME IS GRACE
ELDERS... I'VE
LISTENED TO
YOUR RADIO
SONGS FOR
YEARS AND I'VE
TRIED TO WRITE
SONGS LIKE
THEM! THERE'S
ONE I THINK
FOLKS MAY LIKE,
AND I CAME HERE
HOPING YOU'D SING
IT ON YOUR PROGRAM!
IF IT SHOULD BECOME
POPULAR, MY WORRIES
WOULD BE OVER!

HMM I GET
HUNDREDS OF
REQUESTS
LIKE THAT!
BUT SOMEHOW,
I LIKE YOUR
SONG, MISS
ELDERS,
AND WELL--
MAYBE I CAN
GIVE IT A TRY!





ACTION COMICS



NEXT NIGHT
IN A
BROADCAST-
ING STUDIO.

ONE MINUTE
TO GO
GREG!

PLEASE DON'T
EXPECT TOO
MUCH, MISS
ELDERS! SOMETIMES,
THE RIGHT INTRODUCTION
CAN PUT A SONG OVER,
AND SOMETIMES, THE
PUBLIC INSISTS ON
IGNORING IT IN FAVOR OF
OTHERS
NOT
HALF AS
GOOD.

I UNDERSTAND,
GREG. WHAT-
EVER HAPPENS
AT LEAST
I'LL KNOW
I HAD MY
BIG CHANCE!

AND NOW FOLKS - FOR
YOUR APPROVAL - THE
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR
PRESENTS "THE
BALLAD OF THE
BUCKAROO OF
GILA GAP" BY
A NEW SONGWRITER,
MISS GRACE ELDERS!

AND PLEASE,
FOLKS - YOU'VE
JUST GOT TO
APPROVE!



"FOR YOUR
APPROVAL...
THE VERDICT
THAT MEANS
HAPPINESS
OR DESPAIR
FOR COUNT-
LESS YOUNG
HOPEFULS!
WHAT WILL
THE VERDICT
BE AS
GREG'S VOICE
DRAWLS THE
QUAINT WORDS
OF THE NEW
BALLAD?"



YOU HAVE HEARD IN SONG AND
STORY
OF MANY A HERO'S GLORY;
BUT THE MIGHTIEST MAN A
MORTAL EVER KNEW--
THE FASTEST AND THE
STRONGEST,
WHOSE FAME WILL LIVE THE
LONGEST--
IS GILA GAP'S OWN BATTLING
BUCKAROO!



AND IN COUNTLESS HOMES ACROSS THE LAND...

HE CAN RIDE UP TUMBLING
RIVER
IN THE TIME YOU'D TAKE
TO SHIVER,
AND JUMP HIS STEED
RIGHT OVER GILA GAP!

ISN'T THE PRAIRIE
TROUBADOUR WONDERFUL,
ABNER?

YEAH... BUT THAT
FELLER HE'S SINGIN'
ABOUT IS A HEAP
MORE WONDERFUL.
HA! I BEEN IN
THAT GILA
COUNTRY--AN'
NO MAN COULD
DO THEM
THINGS!



IN LONELY
RANGE
CAMPS...

HE CAN ROPE A CYCLONE
QUICKER
THAN A SCARED CAYUSE CAN
NICKER--
THEN CLIMB ABOARD ITS BACK
AND YELL "GIDDAP!"

NOW COME
THE TROUBA-
DOUR SINGIN' OUT WITH THAT
IMPOSSIBLE STUFF, PETE?
HE MOSTLY SINGS 'BOUT
PLAIN HUMAN BEIN'S--
LIKE US!

SHUCKS,
HE'S ALL
RIGHT, JOE!
RECKON HE'S
JUST RUNNIN'
OUT O' SONGS
'BOUT HONEST
FOLKS!

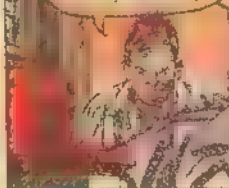


AND EVEN IN THE HIDEOUT OF MATT
LARRUP AND HIS OUTLAWS...

WHEN HIS TRUSTY SIX-GUNS THUNDER,
THEY CAN SHOOT THE GROUND FROM UNDER
WHATEVER SKULKING OWLHOOTS CRAVE
TO FIGHT--
AND IF THAT DON'T SATISFY 'EM,
HELL HAUL DOWN A CLOUD AND TE 'EM
TO ITS TAIL, AND SEND 'EM DRIFTING
OUT OF SIGHT!

HA, HA... JUST
LIKE THE
VIGILANTE
HJM, MATT?

DON'T
NEVER MENTION THAT
NAME AG IN, YUH HEAR?
AFTER HIM SPOILIN'
OUR BANK JOB LAST
NIGHT, I AIN'T IN
A MOOD TO
HEAR 'BOUT
HIM--UNLESS
IT'S NEWS OF
A CHANCE TO
FILL HIM
FULL OF
LEAD!



WHAT WILL
THE
VERDICT
BE? FANS,
CRITICS,
MEN
WOMEN,
BOYS,
GIRLS--
THE VAST
JURY THAT
MAKES UP
THE
AMERICAN
PUBLIC--
MUST
DECIDE!

WITH NOPE SHATTERING BLUNTNESS, ANSWERS ARRIVE THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

RADIO RECORDER 5

P.T. HITS SOUR NOTE

LISTENIN' IN
by Les Knott

Greg Sanders came a cropper last night with a nightmare number about a Gila Gap hero who just couldn't possibly exist

Dear Greg: Keep singing about real people! No more of these set-propelled Buckaroos! A Fan.

FAN MAIL--NEWSPAPERS--EVERYTHING POINTS TO THE FACT THAT THE BUCKAROO BALLAD DIDN'T TAKE, GREG! YOU'D BETTER CUT IT OUT!

CHIEF, THE WHOLE TROUBLE SEEMS TO BE THAT PEOPLE DON'T THINK ANYONE COULD EVER HAVE DONE THE THINGS MENTIONED IN THE SONG!

THANKS A MILLION, GREG! YOU DID YOUR BEST! I--I'M ONLY SORRY IT WASN'T A GOOD SONG!

WAIT GRACE! IT IS A GOOD SONG--JUST AS I SAID IN THE FIRST PLACE!

ONLY THING IS, FOLKS JUST CAN'T SEEM TO BELIEVE IN THE "BUCKAROO OF GILA GAP" AND HIS AMAZING STUNTS!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? IT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING--THE SONG'S A FLOP!

NOT IF WE GET SOMEBODY TO PROVE THOSE THINGS CAN ACTUALLY BE DONE--BY DOING THEM! WHY, PUBLICITY LIKE THAT WOULD PUT THE SONG OVER WITH AN EVEN BIGGER BANG!

NATURALLY! BUT SINCE THE "BATTLING BUCKAROO" ISN'T A REAL PERSON, WHO COULD WE POSSIBLY GET?

WHO?... A MIGHTY BIG QUESTION-- BUT NOT NECESSARILY A HARD ONE...

IN FACT, THE ANSWER IS ALREADY ON ITS WAY...

GREAT SNAKES! IT SAYS HERE THE VIGILANTE IS GONNA DO EVERY BLESSED THING THE "BUCKAROO OF GILA GAP" DONE IN THAT CRAZY SONG!

... YES, FOLKS-- NONE OTHER THAN VIGILANTE WILL TRY PERFORMING EVERY ONE OF THOSE STUNTS!

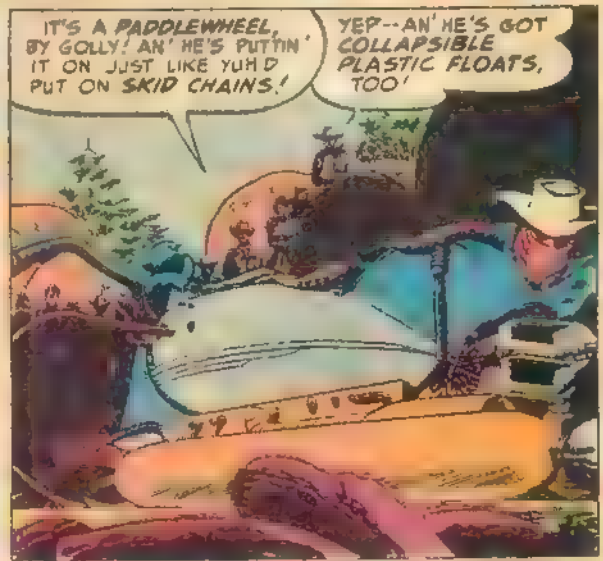
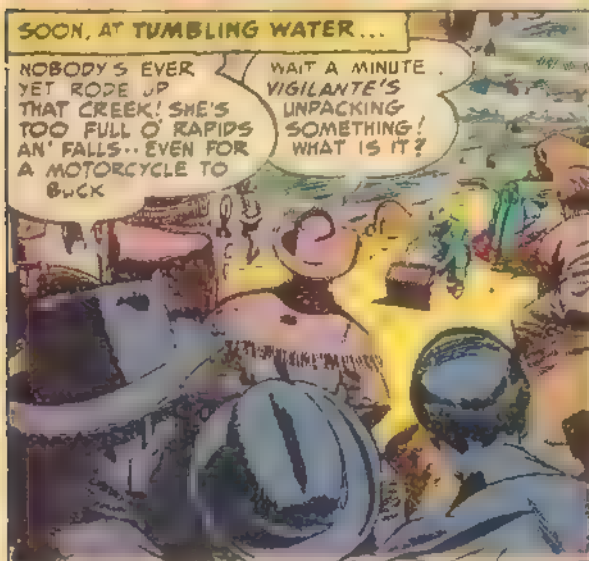
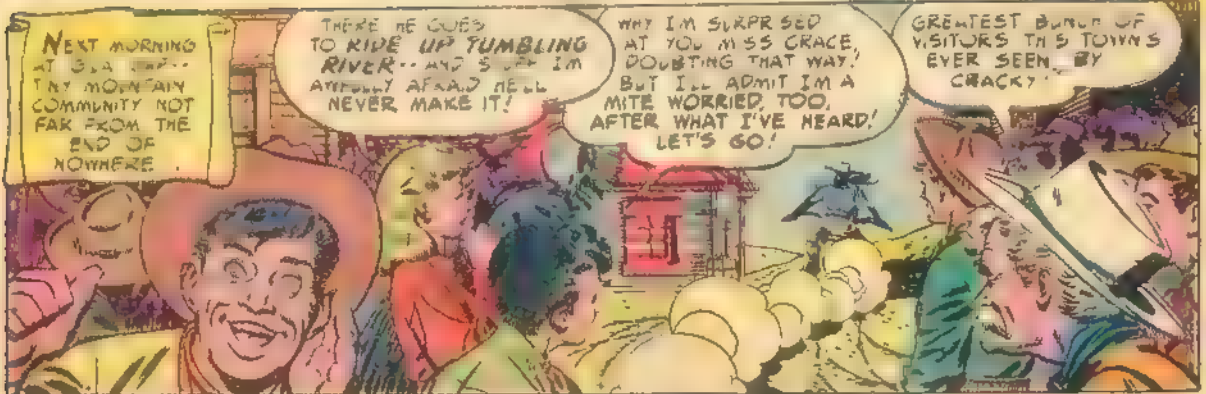
THE VIGILANTE!... BUT CAN EVEN THAT CHAMP OF CHAMPIONS PERFORM SUCH IMAGINARY MIRACLES AS THE BOLD BUCKAROO OF THE SONG?

NOT IF OVERROOT MATT LAPRUP HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!

... AND VIGILANTE IS LEAVING FOR GILA GAP TONIGHT!

TO RIDE UP TUMBLIN' RIVER-- JUMP THE GAP-- AN LASSO A CYCLONE! HA, HA. I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM TRY IT!

YUH WILL, MIKE, 'CAUSE WE'RE RIDIN' OUT THATAWAY OURSELVES! DIDN'T YUH HEAR ME SAY LAST NIGHT THAT I WAS MONIN' FOR A CHANCE TO FILL VIGILANTE WITH LEAD?





BUT AS HE REACHES THE END OF THE FIRST LEG OF HIS JOURNEY...

LET HIM HAVE IT BOYS HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE! HIS GUNS ARE WET

HUH? MATT LARRUP! I WAS HOPING TO MEET UP WITH YOU RIGHT SOON!

AN' HE'S ALL TIRED OUT!



QUICKLY, VIGILANTE WHIRLS HIS CYCLE AROUND AND

SORRY MY GUNS ARE WET-- BUT THIS SHOULD GIVE YOUR BULLETS SOME COMPETITION!

OW!

THOSE STONES HURT

BEAT IT! HE'S DONE US DIRT AGAIN!



AS THE OUTLAWS FLEE

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! HE DIDN'T EVEN FOLLOW US! HE WENT CLEAR ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE!

RECKON THE VARMINT KNOWS WHICH OF US IS THE TOUGHEST-- AN' HE'S SCART O ME



BUT ON THE OPPOSITE CLIFF...

DOGGONE F HE AIN'T GONNA TRY TO JUMP G.A. GAP RIGHT HERE!

STOP HIM, SOMEBODY! IT'S SURE SUICIDE!



AND WITH A BLINDING BURST OF SPEED

NICE TAKEOFF, THANKS TO THE LIFT THAT SLOPING ROCK GAVE ME! NOW TO TRY OUT MY NEW FOLDING WINGS-- SUCH AS THEY ARE!



BUT...

TRICK WINGS AN' ALL, YUH'RE GOIN' DOWN! SO LONG, VIG!

LEAVING, MATT? WAIT HALF A SECOND, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE KIND OF SENDOFF YOU DESERVE!





ACTION COMICS



SUDDENLY--
A GRAPPLING-
HOOK
CATAPULTS
FROM THE
SURPRISING
VIGILANTE-
CYCLE..

TIME TO USE THIS
NEW GADGET!
HERE'S HOPING
IT SNAGS ITSELF
IN THE RIGHT
SPOT!



AND AS
THE
ANCHOR
CATCHES
IN
BUSHES,
A HIGH-
SPEED
REEL,
HOOKED
TO THE
MOTOR,
BRINGS
THE
LAWMAN
SOARING
TO
SAFETY!

WHEW! NOT EVEN
THE "BATTLING
BUCKAROO" COULD
"JUMP HIS STEED
RIGHT OVER GILA
GAP" NEATER THAN
THAT! STILL, I'M
SURE GLAD IT'S
FINISHED!



THEN...

THERE GO MATT
AND HIS GANG!
I COULD CHASE
'EM--BUT WHY
SPOIL THE
FOLKS SHOW
AND GRACE
ELDERS' BALLAD?
BESIDES I'VE
GOT A HUNCH
THEY'LL STICK
AROUND FOR
THE NEXT ACT--
AND I'M KIND OF
ANXIOUS TO ROPE
AND RIDE THAT
CYCLONE, TOO!

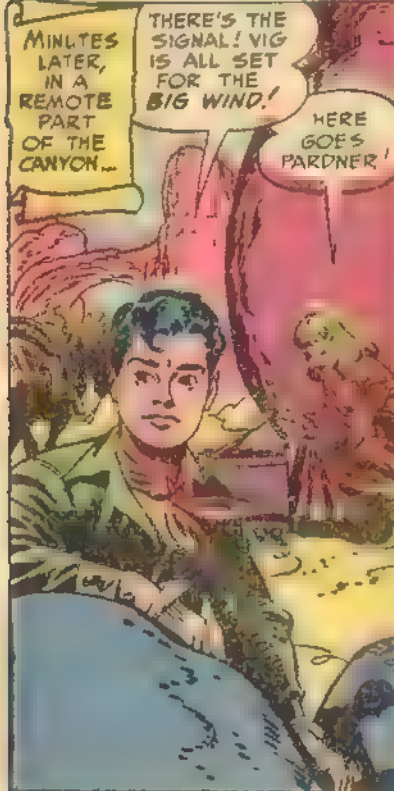
BUT HOW'LL HE
FIND A CYCLONE?
THERE'S NOTHIN'
HERE BUT
CIRCLING
BREEZES, TOO
LAZY TO LIFT
A FELLER'S
HAT!



MINUTES
LATER,
IN A
REMOTE
PART
OF THE
CANYON...

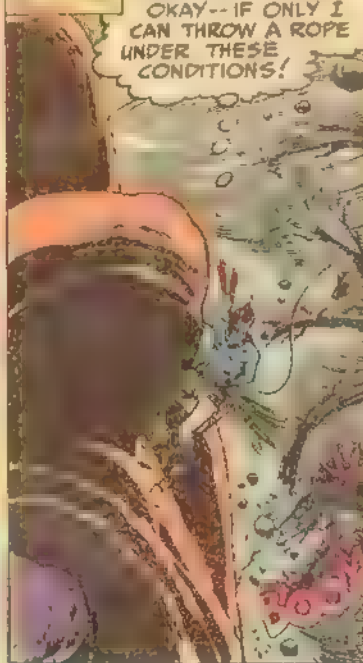
THERE'S THE
SIGNAL! VIG
IS ALL SET
FOR THE
BIG WIND!

HERE
GOES
PARTNER!



AS
GRACE
PRESSES
THE
DYNAMITE
PLUNGER.

WOW! THAT'S
REALLY CREATING
A CYCLONE THE
HARD WAY! AND
HERE COMES A
TREE THAT LOOKS
OKAY--IF ONLY I
CAN THROW A ROPE
UNDER THESE
CONDITIONS!



GOT IT! NOW
TO MOUNT AND
RIDE THE
CYCLONE!





WHILE DOWN BELOW

HE'S DOING IT! HE'S RIDING THE CYCLONE! FOR ME!

SHUCKS! YIG AND I HAVE DONE MORE EXCITING THINGS THAN THAT JUST FOR FUN! LUCKY THING, THOUGH, THE CLIFF KEEPS THE WHIRLWIND BOTTLED UP THAT WAY--OR WE'D BE RIDING IT, TOO!

BUT ACROSS THE CANYON

HERE HE COMES! HE'LL SWING WITHIN THREE FEET OF US-- AND WE'LL ALL LET HIM HAVE IT TOGETHER!

YEAH--ONE OF US IS BOUND TO HIT HIM!

AND AS VIGILANTE ARRIVES...

AH, THERE THEY ARE--PERCHED ON A HUNK OF LOOSE ROCK--AND THE WIND'S DRIED MY GUNS BY NOW! LET'S SEE...HOW DOES THE NEXT PART OF THE BALLAD GO?

I'VE GOT IT!-- WHEN HIS TRUSTY SIX-GUNS THUNDER, THEY CAN SHOOT THE GROUND FROM UNDER, WHATEVER SKULKING OWLHOOTS CRAVE TO FIGHT!

GREAT SNAKES--HE'S A-DOIN' IT! HELP!

I QUIT! STOP IT, VIGILANTE!

I WAS WORRIED HOW TO GET OFF THAT CYCLONE--AND YOU COYOTES WILL SERVE AS SORT OF AN ANCHOR TO WINDWARD! OTHERWISE, YOU'D HARDLY BE WORTH SAVING!

SEEMS THERE'S A BIT MORE TO THE SONG! SOMETHING ABOUT "AND IF THAT DON'T SATISFY 'EM--"

NO! DON'T DO IT VIGILANTE! DON'T TIE US TO NO CLOUD AN' SEND US DRIFTIN' OUT O' SIGHT! PLEASE, JUST CALL THE SHERIFF AN' SAY WE'LL GO PEACEABLE!



AND SO, WITHIN A WEEK, GRACE'S SONGS MAKES MUSICAL HISTORY...

YOU HAVE HEARD IN SONG AND STORY OF MANY A HERO'S GLORY; BUT THE MIGHTIEST MAN A MORTAL EVER KNEW...

HUH? ME?

I CAN RIDE UP TUMBLIN' RIVER IN THE TIME YOU'D TAKE TO SHIVER, AND JUMP MY STEED RIGHT OVER GILA GAP!

WHEN HIS TRUSTY SIX-GUNS THUNDER THEY CAN SHOOT THE GROUND FROM UNDER, WHATEVER SKULKING COYOTES CRAVE TO FIGHT...

IF THIS DON'T SATISFY ME, JUST HAUL DOWN A CLOUD AND TIE ME, TO ITS TAIL, AND SEND ME DRIFTING OUT OF SIGHT!

YOUR FIRST ROYALTY CHECK, GRACE! HAPPY!

OF COURSE, YOU HELPED A LOT, GREG... BUT JUST THINK... VIGILANTE DID EVERYTHING IN THE SONG, JUST TO HELP ME PUT IT OVER!

ALMOST EVERYTHING! BUT I'LL ALWAYS WONDER HOW HE'D HAVE HANDLED THAT CLOUD BUSINESS, IF IT HAD BEEN NECESSARY!

DON'T TELL ME YOU THINK HE'D HAVE BEEN STUMPED!

ANYWAY, CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR REPUTATIONS MADE, AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU WRITE WILL BE SURE TO GET A HEARING!

OH, I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN ANOTHER SONG! LET ME SHOW YOU!

IT'S ANOTHER VERSE FOR THE "BATTLING BUCKAROO". TELLING HOW HE ROUNDS UP LIGHTNING BOLTS, AND...

NO! YOU'RE JOKING!

GULP! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

OOPS! RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW! OH, WELL-- THE CRITICS SAY YOU OUGHT TO MAKE A HIT WITH A NICE HOMEY TUNE NEXT TIME!

OH! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND--WHAT? A CRITIC? MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, STUFF! I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF "BUCKAROO", ANYWAY!

WHEW!

The End

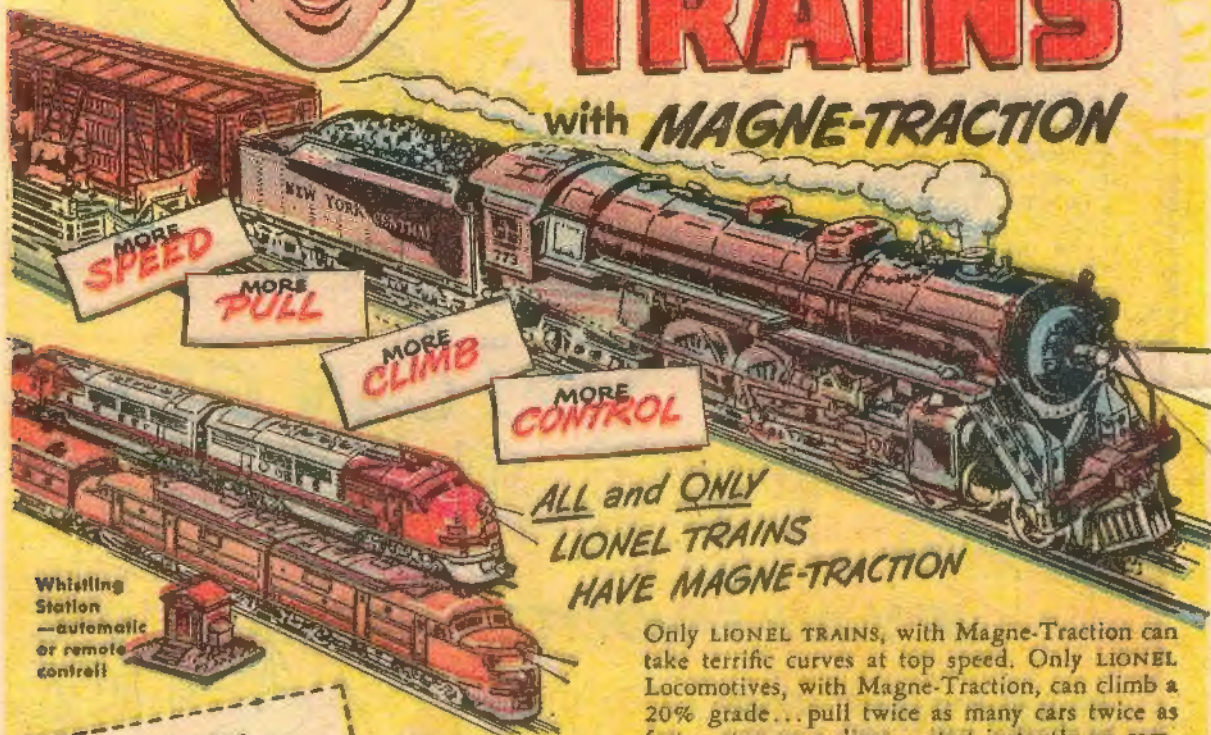


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